George W. Ball: The Disenchantment with Kissinger

Western Europe: Red Votes in the Ballot Box

Saturday Review

June 12, 1976

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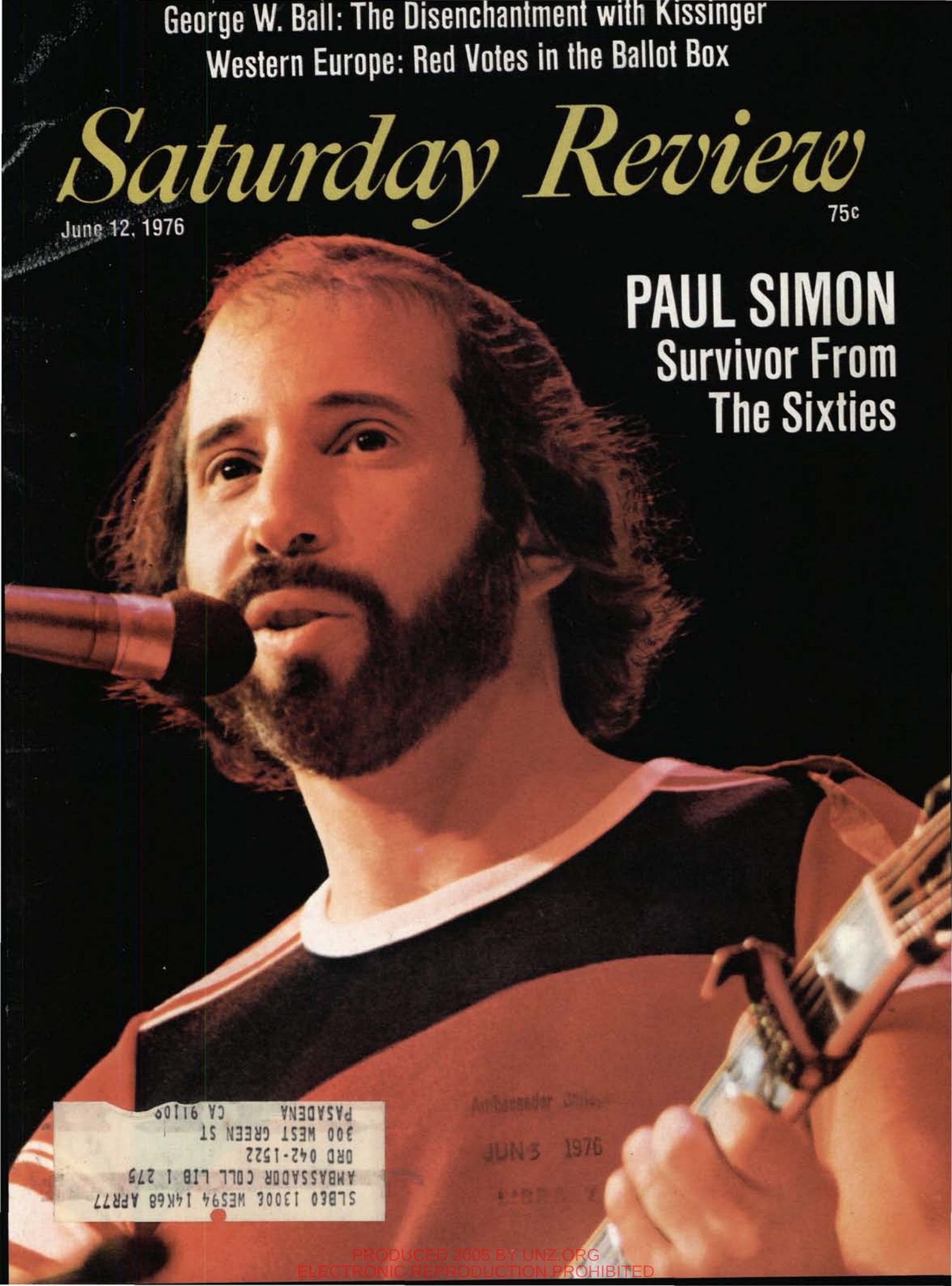

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Dartmouth X

After 16 years the Dartmouth Conference series has become something of an international institution. It began in 1960 when a small group of citizens from the United States and the Soviet Union met quietly in Hanover, N.H., to consider problems between their countries.

The prime mover in the organization of that first meeting was President Eisenhower, who felt that the post-Stalin era provided an opportunity for reducing the volatile tensions between both nations. He believed that private citizens who had the confidence of their governments might help prepare the ground for the work of the diplomats. Neither government would be committed by the recommendations of the meetings, but each would have the advantage of being able to follow up on indicated breakthroughs.

Since the first Dartmouth meeting, conferences have been held alternately in the Soviet Union and the United States. In recent years the conferences have been sponsored and managed by the C. F. Kettering Foundation, of Dayton, Ohio. This year the Lilly Endowment, Inc., and The Rockefeller Foundation joined Kettering in the sponsorship of the 10th meeting in the series, which took place recently in Rio Rico, Ariz., a mountain resort town not far from Nogales.

The advantage of long-term relationships in approaching difficult questions was easily apparent at the Rio Rico conference. The participants were not given to posturing or point-scoring. They had no disposition to elevate the slightest disagreement to a matter of towering principle, an unfortunate characteristic of some international negotiations, as was evident in the debate over the shape of the table during the Vietnam negotiations. The clear purpose of the Dartmouth conferees was to work their way through to sensible accords in the mutual interest of both countries.

Not that real differences were glossed over at Rio Rico. The Americans pointed to a clear inconsistency, for example, between the underlying purpose of détente and Soviet support for Cuban military intervention in Angola. Détente, said the Americans, presupposes an acceptance of certain principles of world order, of which self-determination is primary. The Soviet delegates regretted that the Americans connected détente to Angola. They said that the Soviet Union cannot be expected to turn its back on people caught up in the struggle for national liberation. The Soviet delegates contended that the rationale for détente does not rule out their ideological obligations. The Americans countered by asserting that the Soviet position has to be seen in the context of the pursuit for a world balance of power.

Following extended discussion, all conferees reaffirmed the need for full respect for the principle of non-interference in the political disputes and conflicts of other states.

The conferees also agreed that the strains and pressures on détente, if anything, dramatize the need for a relationship that can keep the countries from going over the brink. Recent events have done nothing, in the view of the conferees, to invalidate the underlying need to avoid dangerous misunderstandings or miscalculations. The purpose of détente is to apply the brakes to the terrifying military competition. The most significant achievement of the Rio Rico conference was that the delegates were able to shift the emphasis from confrontation problems to joint responsibilities in the world at large.

The ultimate welfare of Americans and Russians, it was felt, depends not just on the management of their hostilities but on the management of the planet. The delegates explored the need to reverse the deterioration of the world's environment. They considered proposals for safeguarding the seas. They accepted a mutual responsibility for combating world famine. They agreed on the necessity for joint research on new sources of energy. They called for the removal of roadblocks to world trade. They recognized a common obligation to create a durable foundation for peace in the Middle East. They felt it necessary to improve the capability of the United Nations for dealing justly and effectively with problems involved in the maintenance of world peace.

The final communiqué of the conference stressed these points:

WORLD ARMS RACE. The mushrooming growth of armaments not just in the United States and the Soviet Union but in the rest of the world requires urgent and drastic action. The delegates were alarmed by the spread of nuclear weapons in the world and by the development of new weapons systems. They feared that new weapons now being introduced would add immeasurably to the fiendishness of war. They exhorted all governments to halt stockpiling, to cut back armaments, and to take risks for peace.

The United States and the Soviet Union were urged to conclude treaties requiring a comprehensive ban on nuclear tests and to halt experiments in changing weather for military purposes.

ENERGY. Mindful of the fact that both countries possess most of the world's es-

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timated coal resources, the conferees recommended joint research for improving the mining and utilization of coal. They placed equal emphasis on the need to reduce coal's harmful environmental effects. Increased combustion of coal and hydrocarbons will add to the concentration of carbon dioxide in the earth's atmosphere, possibly leading to deleterious major changes in climate. Efforts to avoid these effects must be vigorously pursued.

In view of the worldwide trend toward development of nuclear energy, the delegates called attention to the possibilities of nuclear fission—as contrasted to fusion—and to the need for joint action by the United States and the Soviet Union in preventing diversion of nuclear materials to weapons production.

FOOD. The delegates had no difficulty in agreeing that the food crisis requires worldwide response and that the United States and the Soviet Union should accept a major role in a multilateral attack on world hunger. They called for an expansion in the agricultural capabilities of their own countries. Both countries should explore the possibilities for Soviet-American collaboration through the Food and Agriculture Organization, the International Grain Reserve System, the International System for the Exchange of Agricultural Information, the Consultative Group on International Agricultural Research, and other programs aimed at promoting agricultural productivity in the world.

MIDDLE EAST. It seemed axiomatic to the delegates that both countries work together in bringing about negotiations for a permanent settlement in the Middle East. Such a settlement requires full and unequivocal recognition by the Arab states of Israel's right to exist as a sovereign state with recognized boundaries. It also requires Israeli return of captured territories and negotiations between Israelis and Arab-Palestinians on claims to national political self-determination.

The United States and the Soviet Union should serve as co-chairmen of a Geneva conference, with adequate advance preparation, seeking the fullest possible acceptance of the principle of mutual and reciprocal recognition by Israelis and Arabs.

The delegates differed in their evaluation of past "step-by-step" approaches to peace in the Middle East but agreed that the time is now at hand for a general, comprehensive peace settlement. International guarantees will have to be provided for freedom of peaceful passage for all nations through the international waterways of the region. An end to terror and to acts of violence is an indispensable feature of durable peace.

TRADE AND ECONOMIC COOPERATION. The importance of increased and improved trade between the two countries was fully recognized. Obstacles to such expansion were identified as the absence of MFN (Most Favored Nation) status for the Soviet Union and the non-availability of Export-Import Bank facilities on a non-discriminatory basis. The Soviet delegates were troubled by the tendency in the United States to connect improvement in trade relations to other issues. This concern grew out of the action of the American Congress in blocking the attempt to enlarge trade because of the difficulties confronting Soviet Jewry in efforts to leave the country. The Americans explained that the Congress was reflecting the view not of any minority in the United States but of a substantial majority of American citizens. The U.S. delegates expressed the hope that the visa situation would be improved.

Toward the end of the conference, the Soviet co-chairmen went to Tucson to meet with leaders of the Jewish community and reviewed with them Soviet policy on exit visas. According to the Soviet figures, only 1,800 visa applications are now pending. By January 1975, 100,000 Jews had left the Soviet Union for Israel. The Soviet representatives also reported that a substantial number of requests for re-entry have been received from Jewish émigrés.

The leaders of the Tucson Jewish community said that Soviet figures on visa applications are at variance with their own understanding of the problem but that they were appreciative nonetheless of the chance to exchange views with prominent Soviet citizens.

DÉTENTE. Despite all pressures and strains experienced by both countries in their recent dealings with each other, there is no rational alternative, the delegates agreed, to the attempt to set limits to the differences between the two countries. The more severe the tensions, the more essential it is to have means for resolution readily available—not just as an expedient but as a matter of world safety and sanity.

The delegates were encouraged by their meeting to believe that underneath all the surface eruptions a solid basis exists for upgrading the conditions of life on this planet. N.C.

Dartmouth X Participants

U.S. Delegation. Co-Chairmen: **Robert Chollar,** president and chairman of the board, Charles F. Kettering Foundation; **Norman Cousins,** editor, *Saturday Review*. **Harold M. Agnew,** director, Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory; **Barry M. Blechman,** head, Defense Analysis Staff, The Brookings Institution; **Landrum Bolling,** president, Lilly Endowment, Inc.; **Harrison Brown,** Division of Humanities and Social Sciences, California Institute of Technology; **Zbigniew Brzezinski,** director, Research Institute on International Change, Columbia University; **Paul M. Doty,** director, Programs for Science and International Affairs, Harvard University; **Richard N. Gardner,** Henry L. Moses Professor of Law and International Organization, Columbia University Law School; **James P. Grant,** president, Overseas Development Council; **Clifford M. Hardin,** vice-chairman of the board, Ralston-Purina Co.; **Elmore Jackson,** consultant, The Rockefeller Foundation; **Donald M. Kendall,** chairman and chief executive officer, PepsiCo, Inc.; **Thomas F. Malone,** director, Holcomb Research Institute, Butler University; **G. William Miller,** president, Textron, Inc.; **David Rockefeller,** chairman, Chase Manhattan Bank; **Harold B. Scott,** president, U.S./U.S.S.R. Trade and Economic Council; **Marshall Shulman,** director, Russian Institute, Columbia University; **Paul C. Warnke,** former Assistant Secretary of Defense; **Charles W. Yost,** former U.S. ambassador to the U.N.

Soviet Delegation. Co-Chairmen: **G. A. Arbatov,** director, Institute for the Study of U.S.A. and Canada; **G. A. Zhukov,** political commentator of *Pravda,* deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. **S. Borisov,** deputy minister of finance, U.S.S.R.; **V. I. Gantman,** chief, Department on Theoretical Problems of International Relations, Institute of World Economics and International Relations; **L. M. Gromov,** chief of section, Institute of World Economics and International Relations; **A. Kislov,** chief of section, Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada; **N. V. Mostovets,** chief of U.S.A. section, International Department, Central Committee, CPSU; **V. A. Pekshaev,** deputy president, U.S./U.S.S.R. Trade Commission; **V. Petrovsky,** professor of history, Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada; **E. M. Primakov,** deputy director, Institute of World Economics and International Relations, U.S.S.R.; corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences, U.S.S.R.; **B. A. Rounov,** deputy minister of agriculture, U.S.S.R.; **G. Schukin,** chairman, Soviet Purchasing Committee; **V. Siradze,** deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Georgian S.S.R.; **V. V. Zhurkin,** deputy director of the Institute of the U.S.A.; **N. G. Zubkov,** Soviet Peace Committee.

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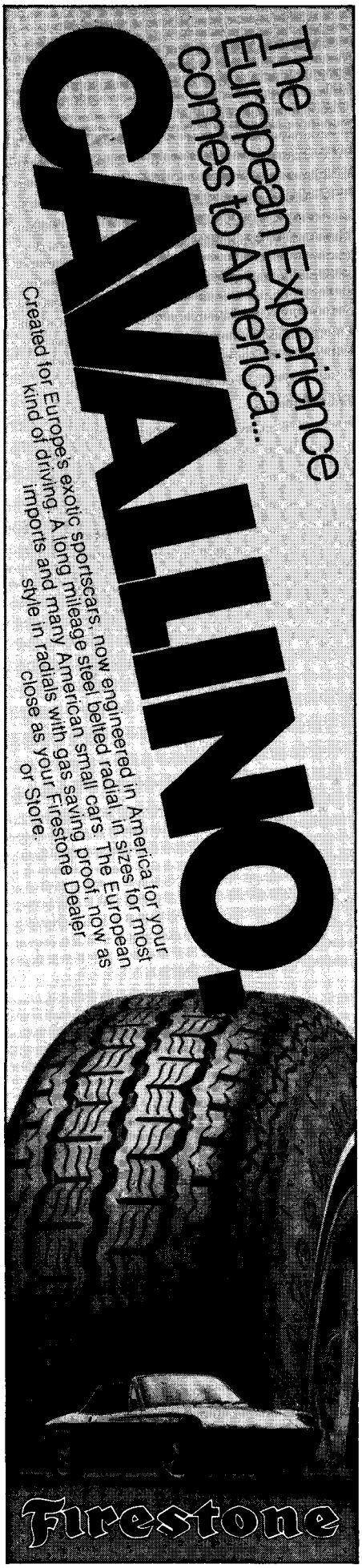
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Letters From Readers

Diplomacy in Latin America

Sol M. Linowitz's article ["Outlook: Reflections on Kissinger's Latin American Foray," April 17] points to a serious weakness in addressing the basics with regard to U.S.–Latin American relations. He is right in groaning over the patronizing sloganeering that marked America's attitude toward the southern hemisphere in the last 40 years. But the real rub is Latin America's failure to act in a manner that allows sovereign to sovereign, nation-state to nation-state relationships.

The United States is fully aware that the nations to the south are independent and may have interests which can, in specific instances, be at crosscurrents to ours; Latin America should recognize that it has the duty to conduct its affairs in a mature manner and that the United States is obligated to act in its own self-interest (hopefully, enlightened). The United States cannot be expected to respond to the jingoisms of Panamanian dictators or Peruvian oligarchs, nor will it bypass its democratic institutions to appease another country's nationalistic fads.

I do not wish to absolve America of any past, present, or future error, but Latin America's problems are not the result of any real or imagined slight from this country. . . .

James L. Daniels
Brunssum, Netherlands

Native Son Acknowledged

One is at a loss to understand how Goddard Lieberson, in an otherwise engaging reminiscence about *My Fair Lady* ["MFL Revisited," April 3], could write, "Alan did have an English-born associate in his director, Moss Hart, whose [talents] would have . . . won him a knighthood."

. . . Moss Hart, as I'm sure you have heard from readers in every corner of this square globe, was born in New York in 1904 and thus hardly would qualify for a knighthood.

Orval Hopkins
Washington, D.C.

Goddard Lieberson replies: Moss Hart's parents had come from England, and, around Moss, English accents seemed to fill the air. It was always a kind of joke among us that Moss was really the illegitimate son of an English

Reprinted from *SR*, September 19, 1950

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"What do you say we forget Carthage today, Cato?"

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lord. Rather than saying he was English, I should have said he was an anglophile of enormous proportions and might as well have been born in England.

Insects Upheld

After many years of marveling at the error-free copy of *Saturday Review*, I was startled and delighted by the beautiful bleep in Leo Rosten's article ["Diversions," April 17]. *Anthropod!* Man-footed creatures. I shudder. Insects that use people as feet.

However, I consider such an evolutionary development unlikely. As Mr. Rosten points out, insects are many times stronger than people; having men for feet would weaken them beyond any chance of survival.

James S. Purcell
Montgomery, Ala.

Leo Rosten replies: Judging by the number of hawk-eyed readers who caught the typographical error (*anthropods* for *arthropods*) in my undefinitive article on insects, the circulation of *SR* must be over 10 million.

I shall be available—stripped to the waist—for public flogging, on top of the Umpire State Building, from 2 to 5 P.M., come Michaelmoss.

I take consolation from the fact that a Chicago newspaper once printed, "He held to the windowsill by his fingerprints"; another corrected *detective farce* to *defective force*; and I once (in the nick of time) changed *the rapist* to *therapist*.

Literary License Condemned

Edward O. Wilson, in his review of *The Hunting Hypothesis* ["The Lyric Poet of Evolution," April 3], by citing the talent Ardrey has as a writer, justifies his tendency to oversimplify and make mistakes.

It is true that many scientists lack literary talent, yet they do not pretend to possess it, as Ardrey pretends to possess scientific precision. Scientific hypotheses need to reach more of the public, but for them to be viewed critically and objectively, they need not be presented in a "spine tingling" or an emotionally persuading manner. I see no excuse for mistakes made by a writer such as Ardrey, and do not place "half the blame" on scientists who fail to advise them; rather, I place the full blame on the writer who has not taken into account previous discoveries and current hypotheses and has decided instead to develop his own "special vision" by relying on literary talent.

Kim Stewart
Antioch College
Yellow Springs, Ohio

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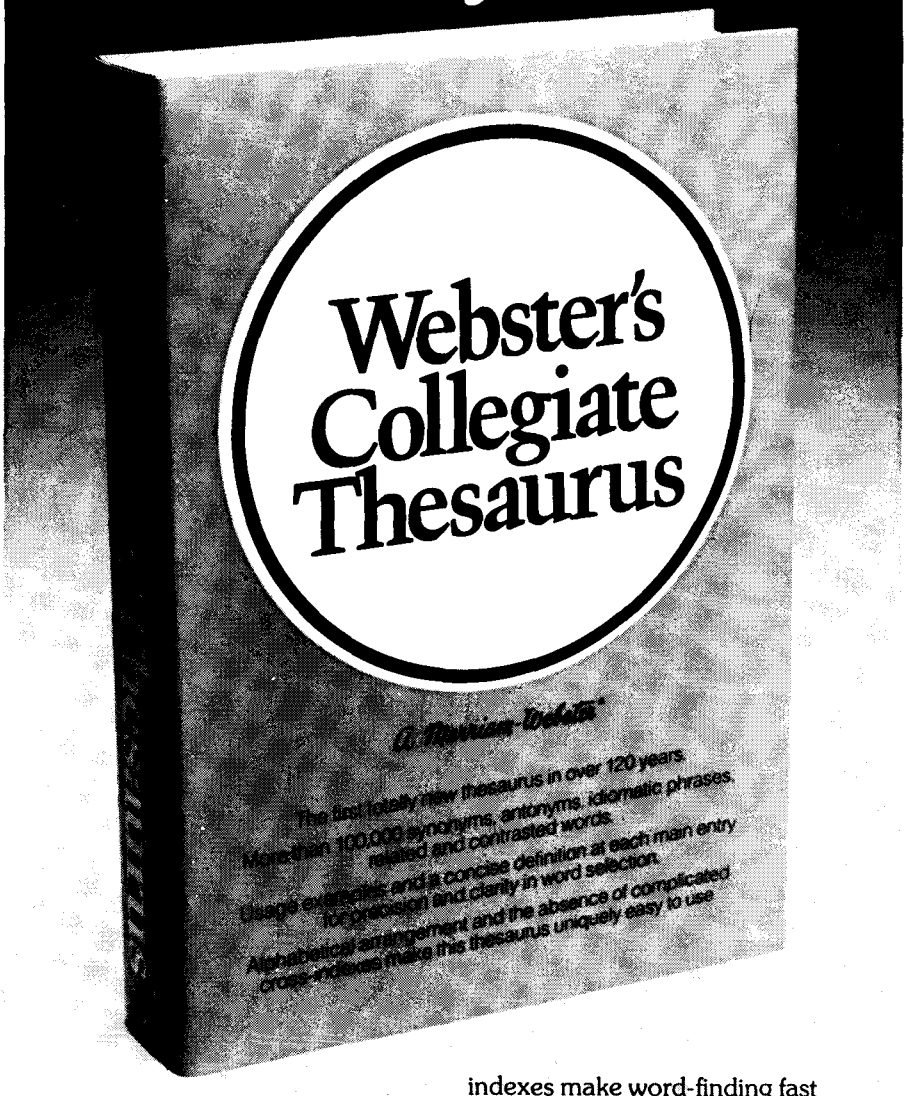
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World Progress Report

Memories of Childhood

More than 30 years ago, Joanna deLeeuw, a 10-year-old Dutch Jew, went into hiding in Holland to escape almost certain death in a Nazi concentration camp. For almost three years, during which time they often could not even leave their beds for months for fear of being discovered, Joanna and her little sister made their own world in a tiny attic room in the house of a sympathetic Christian family. Last March, Joanna deLeeuw Reiss, now 47, a United States citizen, and the mother of two young girls of her own, went to Germany—to accept an award as the author of an outstanding children's book promoting peace.

Joanna Reiss's book, *The Upstairs Room*, is the author's account of her childhood ordeal in Holland. The story was originally written to answer her daughters' questions about her own childhood, but a writer friend encouraged Mrs. Reiss to send the manuscript to Thomas Y. Crowell, the publisher. Since its appearance, in 1972, *The Upstairs Room* has been recognized as a Newbery Honor Book and as an American Library Association Notable Children's Book, and it has been published in translation throughout Europe and in Japan.

Reviewing the book in *The New York Times*, Mrs. Reiss's fellow survivor Elie Wiesel wrote, "In the end, we are grateful to fate for having spared a child who can reminisce with neither hate nor bitterness but a kind of gentleness. . . ."

Mrs. Reiss's award, the Buxtehuder Bulle, includes a prize of about $1,500 and a statue of Ferdinand, the peaceful *Bulle* in Munro Leaf's children's classic. The award jury is made up of 11 adults and 11 children from Buxtehude, a suburb of Hamburg, and the cost is underwritten single-handedly by Winfried Ziemann, the 41-year-old owner of two West German bookstores.

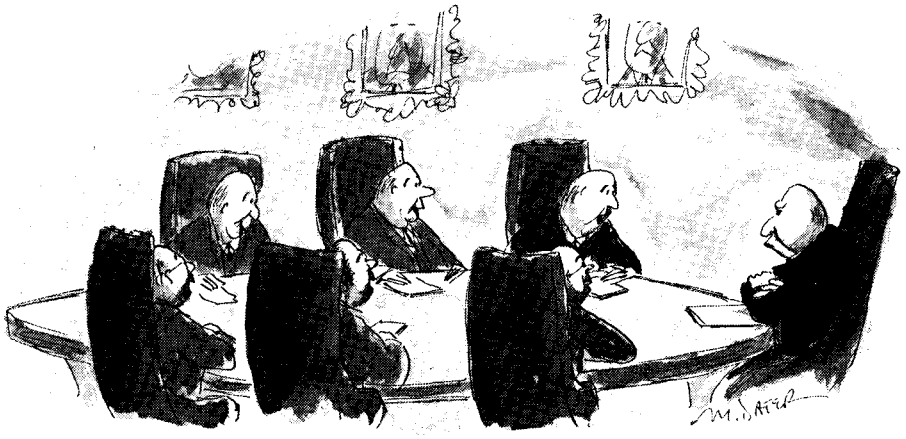
This year, Mr. Ziemann also paid the expenses for Mrs. Reiss and her two daughters to come to Germany to accept the "Bulle" in person. The sponsor also brought a group of Dutch schoolchildren to Buxtehude for a discussion with their German contemporaries of the meaning of the events related in *The Upstairs Room*.

Video Violence

The television networks and their tame Washington watchdogs have recently decided that the best way to curb the excess of violence and dunghill drama on TV is to create an antiseptic "family viewing hour" in the early evening, effectively abandoning the rest of the prime-time schedule to rapes, murders, and other pathological entertainments. Two recent Stanford University graduate students, Lewis R. Mills and David Kilbridge, have taken a much less equivocal stand against the epidemic of perversion and violence on the tube. With the help of some Stanford students and friends, they recently formed the National Correspondence Group, whose aim is to focus the wrath of disaffected viewers on the networks and sponsors that commit telemurder and video mayhem.

The NCG's small staff watches programs selected at random from the TV listings. Each program is rated on a violence scale that awards from 2 points for a push or a shove to up to 50 points for a full-blooded homicide. The scores are published in a monthly magazine aptly titled *Viewer's Disgust*. Last January's issue, for example, awarded top dishonors to a network TV-movie that featured three shootings plus four attempts, two gun battles, nine threatened armed assaults, two armed break-ins, three other displays of guns, one shooting of an unarmed phone booth, one strangling, four death threats, five fights, the display of a corpse, and a demolition of a defenseless building, among other moments of violence. Total score: 975 points. In the very next issue, another made-for-TV movie broke the record with 1,023 violence points.

Disgust's companion publication, *The Target List*, provides members with the names, addresses, and a list of the products of the sponsors responsible for the offending shows. After five months, working on a red-ink budget out of an attic office and a post-office box (P.O. Box 1039, Palo Alto, Calif. 94302), the NCG already claims 800 members in 42 states. Mills and Kilbridge estimate that each member averages a letter a month to the networks or their sponsors.



"We're all in our places, with bright, shiny faces. Good morning to you, good morning to you."

Back From the Brink

The official Endangered Species List is usually the last stop for an animal on its way to extinction. But, according to a recent assessment by the National Wildlife Federation, nomination to the condemned list has in a few cases inspired the kind of intensive care that can bring moribund species back to life.

The osprey, for example, was recently in danger of dying out because of reproductive failure ascribed to DDT poisoning. The recent ban on DDT has brought about an increase in the survival rate of osprey chicks. The American alligator was added to the critical list because of loss of habitat and overhunting. Now, under the added protection afforded by the "endangered" designation, there are an estimated 700,000 specimens in the southeastern United States, and controlled hunting may soon be revived as a management measure.

Although the Wildlife Federation lists nine cases of species as having been rescued from extinction under the Endangered Species List, it points out that the last-chance club is still adding new members much faster than it is losing old ones.

ANTHONY WOLFF

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Fedders heat pump air conditioner cuts winter fuel bills

Saves on summer cooling, too!

The money you save operating your Fedders Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner to warm your home in the winter can pay for the cost of operating the Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner to cool your home in summer.

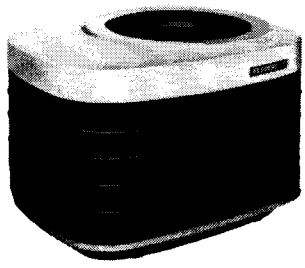
The Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner is a single system that performs like two...to provide comfort all year long. In summer it's a super efficient central air conditioner that removes heat from your home at an exceptionally low operating cost and leaves it comfortably cool and dry. In winter the Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner is reversed automatically and it becomes a heating system...a heating system that uses the natural heat always present in the outdoor air (82 percent of heat in the air that was available at 100°F is still available at 0°F).

Because it uses this natural heat, the Fedders heat pump air conditioner can achieve dramatic savings in winter fuel bills when compared to straight electric heat. Electric heat has a C.O.P.* of 1.0 and provides 3413 BTUs of heat per kilowatt hour. Fedders Flexhermetic II model CKH024B7A outdoor unit and CFJ024CQA indoor unit provide a C.O.P. of 2.6 at 47°F outdoor temperature or 8874 BTUs of heat per kilowatt hour. It is easy to see how savings can quickly add up to offset the low operating cost of Flexhermetic II heat pump cooling.

The Fedders heat pump air conditioner is exceptionally reliable and efficient because of the Fedders Rotor-H compressor that was specifically designed for heat pump operation. Its smooth rotary motion with only three basic moving parts (less to wear out, less to go wrong), its solid construction, its special low-friction Carblucon™ bearings (this a spectacular engineering achievement in its own right) set new high standards of reliability.

So reliable in fact is the Rotor-H compressor that Fedders makes available a four-year extended full warranty in addition to the one year standard parts warranty. The super-efficient Rotor-H compressor is the heart of a system designed and constructed to match its unparalleled reliability and performance.

So no matter if you're adding on or replacing, Fedders makes central air conditioning and heating more affordable. For more information on how you can save with Fedders, write Fedders Air Conditioning Sales Co., Dept. HB, Edison, New Jersey 08817.



*C.O.P. stands for Coefficient of Performance, the ratio of heat output to energy consumed.

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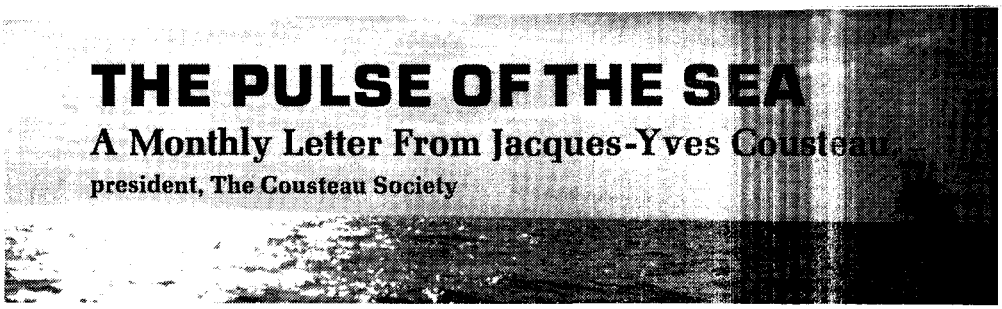

THE PULSE OF THE SEA

A Monthly Letter From Jacques-Yves Cousteau

president, The Cousteau Society

Jonah's Complaint

It's a sunny day in 1972, and I am sitting in the open doorway of a helicopter, my legs dangling over the side. As we hover above the Caribbean Sea, I search the waters for humpback whales. Below me, on the bow of a rented fishing boat, my son Philippe is outfitted with an Aqua Lung and a camera. He stands ready to jump into the sea at my radio signal so that he can film the whales underwater. His job is a tricky one. Jumping from a vessel that is doing 10 knots is dangerous in itself, but Philippe must jump in *front* of the humpbacks. Timing is of the essence; even when these behemoths move slowly, they move three times faster than man can swim. A few seconds of hesitation is time enough for the whales to disappear with a flick of their mighty tails.

I sight humpbacks! Despite the flurry of excitement that follows my radio signal to Philippe, I can focus on little but the breathtaking sight of these giants gliding effortlessly on their way from warm waters toward rich arctic feeding grounds. Their long flippers stretch out like graceful wings. From time to time, slender columns of vapor rise from their blowholes up into the blue sky.

The sight of Philippe's tiny fishing boat, the tiny men on board, and the mammoth humpbacks nearby leaves me speechless. I am struck by the impossible gulf that separates them—the whales cavorting in a sea around a boat that is smaller than they, the men clustering on that boat like ants adrift on a plank. Words from *Paradise Lost* edge into my mind:

> There Leviathan,
> Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
> Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,
> And seems a moving land, and at his gills
> Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.

Up in the helicopter, I suddenly shudder. It occurs to me that somewhere other men in similar flying machines are using my technique to direct ships fitted with rocket launchers toward playful giant whales. These hunters track their prey not to a feeding ground but to a bloodbath.

Our research expeditions since that trip four years ago have been discouraging. Weeks of fruitless searching for whale species are proof enough that the experts are right. They say that the humpback, the right, the bowhead, the gray, and the blue whales are being pushed toward the threshold of extinction. The remaining four species of the nine great whales—sperm, fin, sei, and Bryde's—are steadily diminishing. What is true of coral and of all other forms of marine life is also true of whales. We are no sooner able to approach them, to admire them, to observe them, than we realize that they are in danger of becoming extinct.

Yet the slaughterers push on. Old whaling techniques will hardly do in a sea nearly bereft of whales; so fleets rely on space-age technology to help them sweep the oceans for surviving mammals. Sonar and exploding harpoons have replaced the simpler weapons of more romantic times. Floating factories oversee the metamorphosis from whale carcass to whale product in half an hour.

Soon the whalers will overcatch themselves right out of the whaling industry. Why? When the catch becomes too small for their bother, they will have made enough money to scrap their fleets with little remorse.

BY BRINGING AN END TO the whaling era, the world outside the whaling industry has little to lose—little but "seafood platters" for cats. And there is much to gain. These remarkable creatures have kept secrets man would do well to uncover. They can dive to inky depths without risking caisson disease, the deadly ailment human divers call the bends. They can go without breathing for an hour and a half. They can communicate with one another and are able to identify one another by voice. And they play a vital role in balancing the ecosystem.

It is difficult to explain a man's reactions to his first sight of a whale underwater. The feeling is one of stupefaction at the size of the animal. A whale can weigh in excess of 100 tons. Its dimensions go beyond man's experience with life forms. On this point all our divers agree: the first sight of a whale underwater is terrifying.

The more experiences the *Calypso* has had with whales, however, the less terrifying—and the more intriguing—these leviathans have become.

Diving is perhaps one of their more stupendous feats. The sperm whale is the undoubted master, the only whale that can dive 4,000 feet down—or more. As he prepares to penetrate the depths, he jackknifes with an utter grace—especially in his tail movements, which seem desultory and almost casual. His grace, however, is deceptive; the power in that tail is the estimated equivalent of that of a 500-horsepower engine.

A more flashy display of a whale's abilities is a stunt called breaching, or spyhopping. The whale leaps completely from the water, at a take-off speed of about 30 knots. He does a half roll in midair and falls back, hitting the water with the thunderous clap of massive flesh against water. The reasons that whales perform this showy trick remain unknown. It could be a sexual rite. One oceanographer I know believes that breaching aids digestion—that whales jump to help the food go down.

Perhaps the most mystifying of the habits peculiar to whales is their "singing." Humpback whales are the most renowned for a wide range of tones, and whole herds often join together in "songs" composed of complete sequences, which, repeated, can last for hours. Some evenings, we listened to the humpbacks starting to make a few sounds, like musicians tuning their instruments. Then, one by one, they began to sing. Underwater canyons made the sounds echo, and it seemed as though we were in a cathedral listening to the faithful alternating verses of a psalm.

One of the most "human" qualities of the whale is its intense devotion to other whales, which is best displayed by the relationship between a mother whale and her calf.

The mother's first task is to lift her baby to the surface for its first breath. She continues this careful attention to his breathing when she nurses him, all

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the while cradling the baby in her flippers to keep his head above the surface.

Mothers punish their offspring as well. Once, a crew member on board our ship saw a calf rub against the hull. The mother went after the calf, pushed it far away from the ship, and then struck it several times with her flippers. Never again, that baby was taught, should it confuse a ship with its mother's stomach.

This sort of concern is typical not only of the relationship between mother and calf but also of the relations between members of the whole herd. When a huge sperm whale rammed into our hull one day, the chirping of the herd suddenly became frantic. Whales emerged from everywhere, rushing to the side of the stricken whale to support it at the surface.

Whales are affectionate as well as protective—they love to nuzzle one another, especially as a prelude to mating. Humpbacks actually embrace with their flippers. More than once, flirtatious female whales have rubbed even against our divers. The most touching of our experiences came one day as we were filming. A mother whale and her calf were swimming directly toward Bernard Delemotte, chief diver on our ship. Bernard passed between them with his camera—and the mother gently pulled back a flipper so as not to harm him.

I am touched by a certain sadness, then, when I leaf through volumes of ancient folklore. Rising from the pages are images of monsters from the deep, overturning ships and attacking men. I know that it has been the other way around in real life.

AND IT WILL CONTINUE to be that way until we confront those nations that prefer the jingle of coins in their pockets to the survival of the whale.

There is much to protest. The only body that regulates whaling is the International Whaling Commission, which is basically industry-run. Although the group meets once a year and confers with a committee of biologists on species protection, the IWC has offered only a modicum of the effectiveness that is needed. The commission has jurisdiction over only its 14 members, who are slow to regulate themselves. In 1949, for example, the committee of scientists warned members that the blue whale was threatened. Members failed to act on that warning until 1967, when nothing short of a total ban could save the species. Even when the commission finally makes rules, members are free to break them. A nation can escape the jurisdiction of the commission simply by objecting to any regulation. Russia and Japan have, through the years, continually reneged in this way on IWC quotas and moratoriums. Japan, moreover, operates whaling fleets under different flags in order to reap more than its assigned quota (Japan and Russia already officially take 88 percent of the world's total annual whale catch). Animosity toward these countries became so bitter in 1974 that 24 environmental groups—5 million people—in the United States agreed to boycott Soviet and Japanese products. Japan reacted by hiring a public-relations firm in New York City.

Until now, the United States has set a firm example in protecting whales. Since 1971 it has abided by a moratorium prohibiting the killing of whales. Recently, however, U.S. officials veered off this determined course. In March the Japanese ship *Dairyo Maru* moored in Mayagüez, Puerto Rico, with 1 million pounds of whale meat aboard. Immune to penalty under the U.S. Marine Mammal Protection Act because the meat was not off-loaded for sale, the ship still faced a penalty under the Endangered Species Act, which forbids the "importation"—defined as bringing goods into United States territory—of products from endangered species. Maximum punishment under this act is $20,000 per violation and confiscation of the illegal cargo. But only a $5,000 fine was levied, and the ship sailed the next day with the whale meat—worth $700,000—still aboard.

According to Morris Pallozzi, chief of enforcement at the National Marine Fisheries Service (part of the Department of Commerce), the decision to levy only a light fine—and to define this offense as only *one* violation—was made by his office after conferring with the Department of State. Lorry Nakatsu, director of the U.S. State Department's Office of Fisheries Affairs, agrees that the Commerce Department made the decision after conferring with his organization because a foreign ship was involved. "The Japanese do not know the specifics of U.S. law," he says. "They know about our feelings, but they were unaware we had the law on our books." Adds Commerce Department employee Prudence Fox: "It is not understood by other countries that the term *import* simply means *bring in*." She added that the offense was considered only a "technical violation" because the crew aboard the *Dairyo Maru* had no intention of selling the whale meat.

I wonder when ignorance of the law became a guarantee of immunity from justice. I wonder what would have happened if a ship with a cargo of heroin had landed and the crew had said that they "had no intention of selling it."

And I wonder how the Japanese—with enough savvy to have hired a public-relations firm to negate bad feelings about Japanese whaling—could have been unaware that they were in violation of the act.

If not in knowing violation of United States law, Japan is in knowing violation of moral law—the only law that transcends political polemics. Surely whales have more to offer us than "seafood" for our cats, or stays for corsets, or ribs for umbrellas. *Calypso*'s men are intensely aware of the whales' true value: we have seen these gray-black cylinders of flesh from underwater; we have been scrutinized by their cloudy blue eyes; our limbs have been spared the crushing impact of a female whale's fin. We have heard the whales sing. And we want—we very desperately want—to hear them sing again.

Cousteau Society Briefs

Technology has been a blessing to modern man; but in order to guarantee that it puts no curse on the future, we must make certain that our so-called advances have no damaging side effects. This is the subject explored by "Oasis in Space," a television series that The Cousteau Society is now producing for the Public Broadcasting System.

Production of the six half-hour specials began in March, when Philippe Cousteau, with the help of a team from the society, filmed interviews with Robert Heilbroner, Isaac Asimov, Carl Sagan, Herman Kahn, and Erik Eckholm. One segment includes behind-the-scenes footage filmed at a nuclear power plant. Others investigate such issues as the exploitation of arable land by urban development and the contamination of our nation's rivers by industrial pollution.

Our debut program on educational television, "Oasis in Space" provides the society with one more medium for some very important messages. □

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

My Most Embarrassing Moment

Two ambitious women whom I do not remotely know have begged me to contribute to a volume they are compiling entitled "My Most Embarrassing Moment." The anthology will contain the most colorful discomfitures of famous actors, authors, athletes, and (for all I know) glassblowers who inhaled and midgets who grew.

I don't know why people solicit the work of professional writers for free, but the letter I received was so charming that I may send the anthologists "my most embarrassing moment"—after it has been published (and paid for) in these glowing pages.

The place was Hollywood. The time: 1939. I was working on a solemn sociological study of the movie colony. One day, to my surprise, I received a telegram from the Masquers' Club, inviting me to be their guest at a banquet in honor of W. C. Fields.

I was delighted. I was transported. I revered Fields as the funniest misanthrope our land ever produced. So I appeared at the Masquers' Club. No sooner had I entered a jam-packed lobby than I heard my name blaring, over and over, from loudspeakers and an agitated voice pleading that I report to the desk *at once* for an urgent message. My heart sank. Had one of my loved ones fallen into the La Brea tar pits in search of a neglected dinosaur? Had my best researcher been crushed in a stampede outside the Brown Derby?

I plowed through the mob to the desk, where I was told by a tight-lipped factotum that I was "damn late" for one who would be seated *on the dais!* Swiftly, the majordomo led me backstage, where I beheld Fields (already red-nosed from fiery waters), surrounded by such celebrants as Groucho Marx, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Milton Berle. . . .

"Line up!" called the praetorian guard. He recited name after hallowed name. Mine, unhallowed, was last. "Proceed to the dais!"

As we marched across the stage, the audience rose to its feet, applauding—until I appeared. They must have thought me Sam Goldwyn's nephew from Kankakee.

The dinner was excellent, the cigars sublime, and William Collier, Sr., rose to conduct the festivities. A famous wit, he orated a barrage of dazzling, scathing, yet affectionate "ribs" about our guest of honor. To each barbed line Fields responded with an evil grin, a leering grunt, and a sip of alcoholic disdain. Collier completed his backhanded eulogy, then proclaimed, "Our first speaker to honor Bill Fields is"—he consulted his prep sheet and winced—"Dr. Leo Boston—no—*Ros*ten."

It would be wrong to say that I could not believe my ears; the full measure of my horror lay in the fact that I did. I sat paralyzed. It took the elbow either of Red Skelton or of George Burns, jabbing into my ribs, to propel me to my feet.

The "applause" which had greeted Collier's garbled recitation of my name would not have awakened a mouse. My erectness compounded my shame, for the auditorium broke into frowns of confusion and murmurs seeking enlightenment. But there I stood—numb, dumb, unknown—looking into a star-filled sea of faces staring glumly at me. I prayed for a trapdoor to open beneath me or for lightning to strike me dead. Neither happened. Instead I heard a hoarse *sotto voce* "Say *some*thin'!" The voice dripped with unmistakable disgust.

I gulped—then heard someone who was hiding in my throat utter these words: "The only thing I can say about W. C. Fields, whom I have admired since the day he advanced upon Baby LeRoy with an ice pick, is this: any man who hates dogs and babies can't be all bad."

The appearance of Mae West in a G-string would not have produced a more explosive cachinnation. The laughter was so uproarious, the ovation so deafening, the table-slapping and shoulder-punching were so vigorous, that I cleverly collapsed onto my chair.

I scarcely remember the rest of that historic night. The jokes and gags and needlings of Fields (who by now resembled a benign Caligula) put all previous celebrity "roasts" to shame.

But the next morning, all the local papers led off their stories about the banquet with my ad-lib. The AP and UPI and INS flung my remark around the world. CBS and the BBC featured the quip on radio. Overnight, I was an international wit.

Alas. God put bitters in the wine of my enflatterment; for ever since then, "Any man who hates dogs and babies can't be all bad" has been credited to—W. C. Fields. Hardly a week passes in which I do not run across some reference to "Fields's immortal crack."

Let any who question my veracity simply check the newspapers of February 17 (the morning after the banquet), 1939. Or let them consult *Time* or *Newsweek*. All correctly attribute the aphorism to its young and catatonic creator.

Embarrassing moments? Man! □

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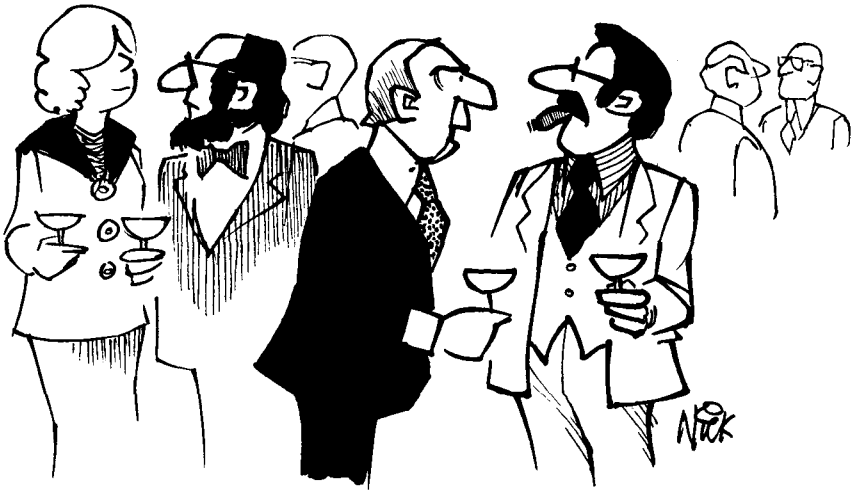

Reprinted from The Canadian Review

"His last book was for the man in a million—it sold 220 copies."

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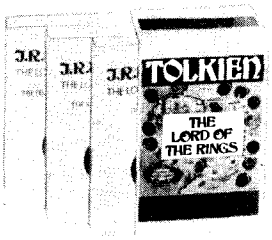

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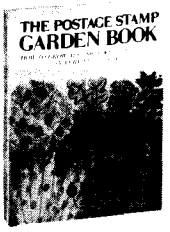

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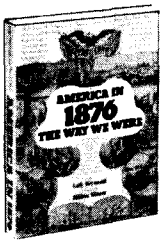

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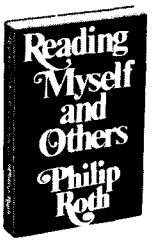

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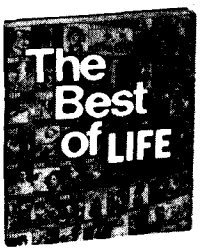

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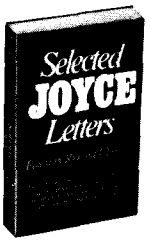

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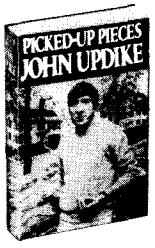

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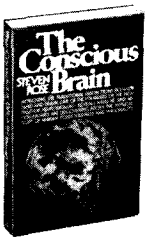

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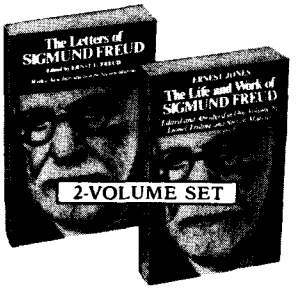

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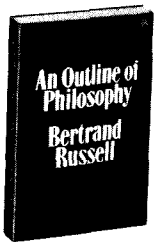

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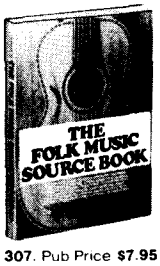

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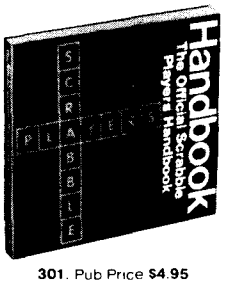

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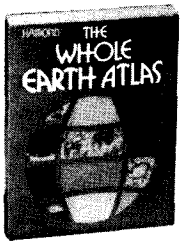

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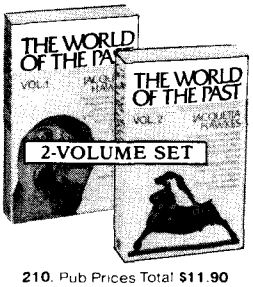

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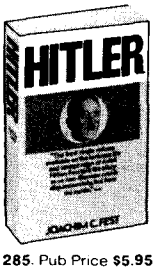

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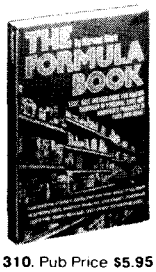

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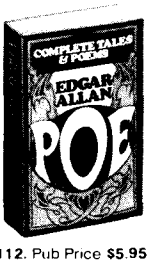

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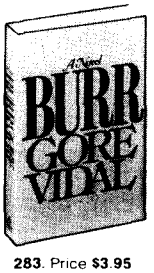

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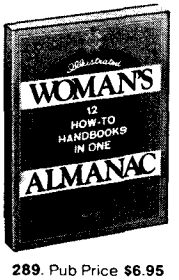

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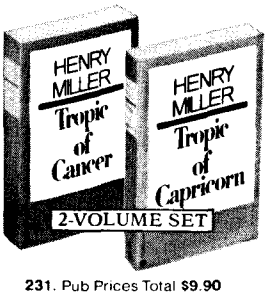

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Red Votes in the Ballot Box

The prospect of communists in power in Western Europe is immediate and crucial. How will the U.S. and the Soviet Union respond? Will NATO survive?

by Richard C. Longworth

Brussels

"We are," says a French Communist Party leader, "the party of individual modesty, goodness, generosity, fraternity, and love of life." Enrico Berlinguer, head of Italy's Communist Party, has said, "We favor membership in NATO and friendship with the United States." Santiago Carrillo, the Spanish Communist Party leader, told an interviewer that a communist government in Spain "would be viewed with concern in Moscow."

Are they kidding? Do they mean it? Can they be trusted? And what should we do about it? For the first time, these questions are not academic; the odds are rather better than even that communist parties, operating legally through democratic means, will win a share of power (although not a monopoly) in one, maybe more, of America's Western European allies. Indeed, general elections in Italy this month could easily make Berlinguer's communists the nation's strongest party, with some 35 percent of the vote. In France parliamentary elections two years hence may give a majority to the Socialist-Communist Popular Front, which won 56 percent of the vote in recent local elections. In the tense and evolving Spanish situation, the still-illegal Communist Party appears to be the nation's best-organized political force. (Portugal's Communist Party, the only one of the four that makes no bow to democratic principles, appears discredited because a left-wing coup failed last year.)

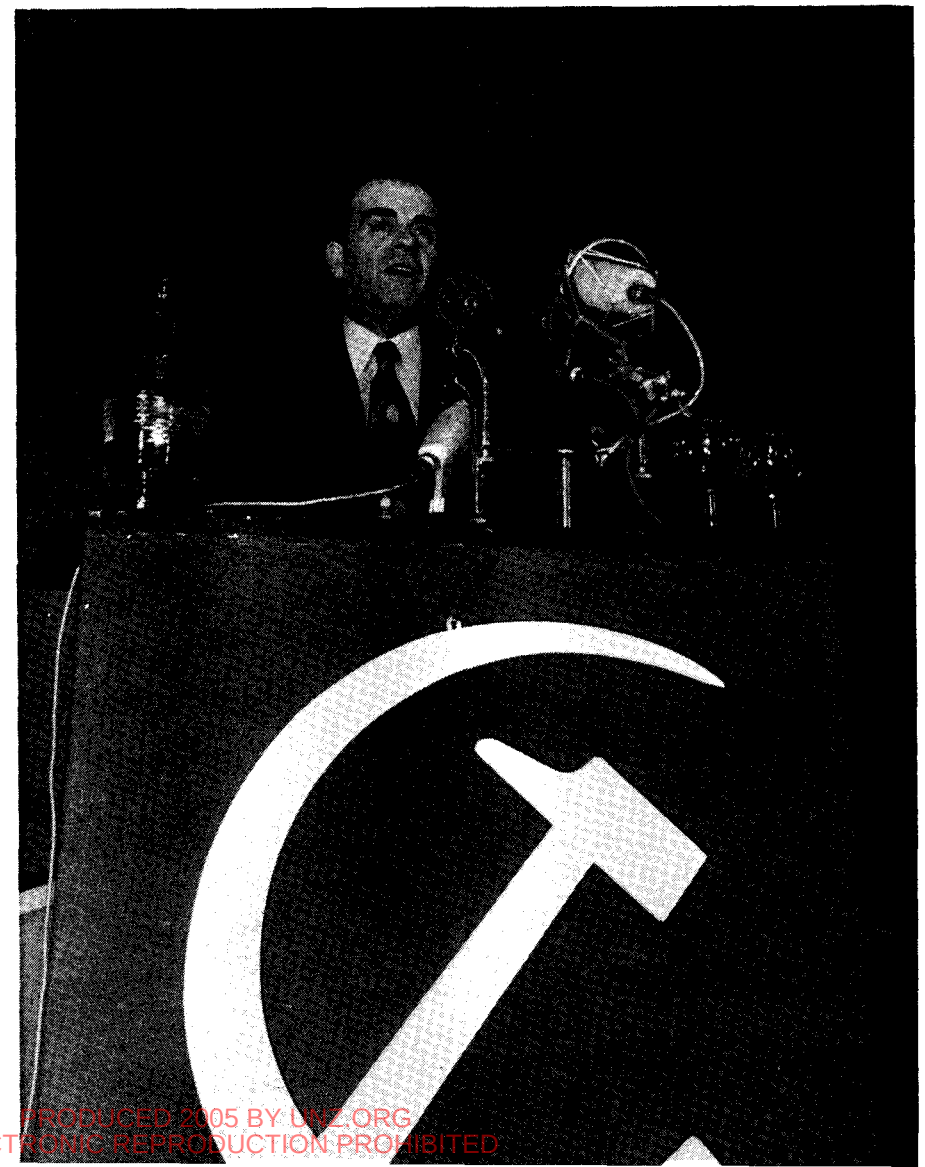
The prospect, in short, is both immediate and crucial: communists in power would change the entire context of European—hence Western—politics. As such, this must be considered the most serious problem facing the West since the mid-1950s because it threatens to alter patterns on which the postwar world is based—the patterns not only of America's relationship with Europe but of the Common Market, of Europe's relations with Russia, of the European position between two superpowers, of democracy on the Continent.

But the interesting thing is that any potential upheaval would probably result not from the fact of communist participation in Western European governments but from the reaction of others—particularly the United States. Even in an election year, a contingency so freighted with peril for American policy normally would demand careful thought. Not so: the American response so far appears designed to alienate the maximum number of Europeans, to damage America's allies, to bolster its detractors, and to assure that any communist-influenced government in Western Europe will automatically be hostile to Washington.

President Ford, between trips to Moscow and Peking, has said that "any communist government would thoroughly

France's Marchais—"A new stance that rejects 'dictatorship of the proletariat.'"

Photographs: Keystone



Richard C. Longworth is European diplomatic correspondent for UPI.

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undercut, undermine, the aims and objectives of NATO. If there is a communist government in any one of the NATO countries, it would have a seriously adverse effect on the justification and reason for NATO. We vigorously oppose any government in NATO that would have a communist head or control." Secretary of State Kissinger has said that any communist power-sharing in Europe would be "unacceptable," would erode the American public's support for NATO, and would probably lead to the folding of the American nuclear umbrella and to the recalling of the 300,000 GI's stationed there. The commander of NATO forces, Gen. Alexander Haig—a sort of military remittance man foisted on the Europeans to get him out of the Ford White House—tells European audiences that he is "very uneasy" about the prospect of communists in NATO governments and that "death can be as fatal from within as from across existing borders." John Volpe, a serviceable right-wing Massachusetts pol miscast as ambassador to Italy, lectures Italian journalists that "we cannot afford to come to the aid of those who might find themselves in a different position from our own." In Paris American diplomats warn the French socialists that the United States will "not tolerate" communist participation in a French government and caution them to be "very prudent" in their dealings with communists. In Stockholm American Ambassador (since appointed U.S. representative to NATO) Robert Strausz-Hupe, who once wrote a book advocating war with Russia, urges Swedish Premier Olof Palme to use his influence in the world socialist movement to discourage cooperation with communists.

THE REACTION to these injunctions has been predictably negative. An aide to Palme said Europeans were big enough to handle their own affairs. Gaston Defferre, leader of the French parliamentary Socialist Party, accused the American embassy of "absolutely unacceptable meddling"; the anticommunist French Gaullists noted that "it is a bit much when General Haig gives lessons on domestic politics"; and François Mitterrand, the French socialists' presidential candidate, said that "the Americans will have to accommodate themselves to the evolution of French politics. They will adapt, believe me, to the new terrain, and it will be for us to define the terrain." *The Times* of London saw "a woeful lack of proportion in the highest-level discussion in Washington" and said that Kissinger, "for someone born in Europe, shows little appreciation of the level of resistance which Europeans might exhibit against actually 'going Communist.' "

American policy so far toward the possibility of communist participation in European governments begs all the important questions:

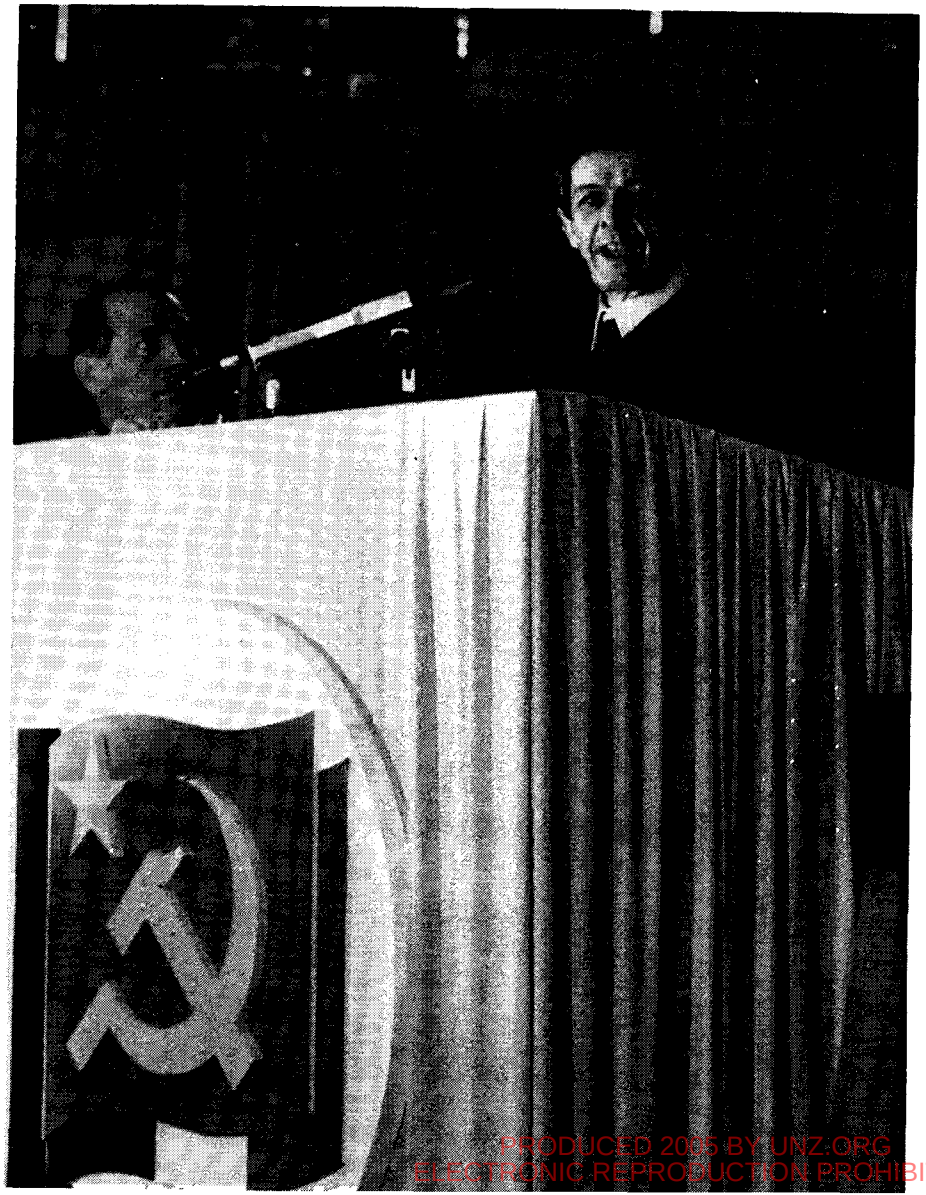
- If this participation is unacceptable to us, precisely what are we going to do about it?
- How damaging would such governments be to American policy and the alliance, how hostile to our interests?
- To what degree would they be under Moscow's thumb?
- Is it the American purpose to deny Europeans the right to elect any government they wish, even if that government includes communists?

To most of these questions, much of the evidence, let alone the answers, is not yet in. It is a situation distinguished by its uncertainty. Europe is changing, particularly around the Mediterranean, where the communist prospects are brightest. The results will, alas, be clear only after the dread deed happens, after the communists move into a government or two. Any policy, therefore, must be a gamble. But at least the right questions can be asked now and the available evidence studied. This is exactly what the United States is not doing. The American reaction has been a knee-jerk response worthy of John Foster Dulles—a sort of reflex anticommunism heedless of the fact that not all strings are pulled by Moscow. This is the kind of thinking that got us into so much trouble in China, Cuba, and (need it be said?) Vietnam.

LET US, THEN, ask some questions and consider some evidence to see if a more balanced policy emerges.

First, if a European nation wishes to

Italy's Berlinguer—"Favors membership in NATO and friendship with the U.S."



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elect a communist government, there is probably not a thing we can do about it (short of sending in troops, an American Brezhnev Doctrine, which one trusts is not under consideration). Second, if it happened, we would have to live with it. Threats to punish the offending nation, through NATO or the International Monetary Fund or some other institution in which American influence is strong, would only drive that nation into the arms of Moscow, as did our embargo against Cuba. Sub-rosa financing of anti-communist factions abroad has its limits: the $65 million that the CIA slipped under Italian tables over the years was, at best, ineffective and, at worst, responsible for the present chaos in which communists can pose convincingly as the party of good government. We would have to stop pretending that the communists don't exist. At the moment, the State Department orders American embassies in Europe to ignore communist

Détente: Patron Saint of the PCI

by Jordan Bonfante

Rome

As angelic as they may seem—and for all the due respect they are prepared to extend to the Catholic faithful, with whom they would like to form a grand, brotherly coalition they call the "historic compromise"—the Italian communists are *communists* after all. They are not exactly hyped up on churchgoing or other conventional veneration of the heavenly host.

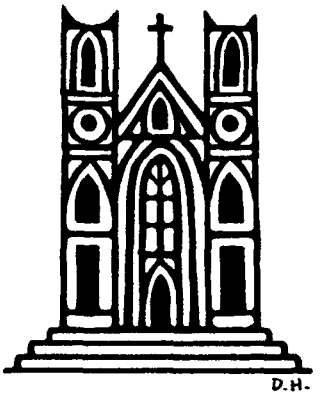
Yet there is one guardian angel they definitely believe in. He has the familiar, equivocal name of Détente. And he might well be considered the patron saint of the Partito Comunista Italiano (PCI). If they knew what was good for them, the Italian communists would have a regular feast day for him, complete with a great baroque icon carried aloft with 1,000-lira notes plastered around the reliquary. For St. Détente has been generous.

The PCI has thrived on the relaxation of tension between the superpowers. At home the party has gained additional votes, especially new ones among the middle class, because détente has taken the sting out of the old epithet "communist" and diminished the stigma of the Italian party's ongoing, if attenuated, connection with Moscow. Among intellectuals and opinion makers, détente has produced a favorite argument in the communists' favor, which, if not altogether irrefutable, is admittedly difficult to counter: "Washington deals with Moscow all the time, at every level—smiling summit meetings, a joint space shot, wheat and trade deals of every sort. Yet Washington wants *us* to be anticommunist. Why should we be?"

Détente is also the very foundation of the Italian communists' international argument. It is the reason they give for supporting Italy's continued membership in NATO, even if and when they get into government. And it is a protective shield that permits them to take this position, as well as other heretical ones, without fear of parental spanking from Moscow.

With détente not exactly in jeopardy, but wobbling a bit on its pedestal these days, it might be wise to try to look ahead at what we might expect if the Italian communists come to power. One can conjure up two very different possible patterns, or scenarios:

Scenario I: Détente sticks, and whether they like it or not, Europe and



the United States have to live with a communist-led Italy. Adjustments are made: NATO demotes Italy from its Nuclear Planning Group; perhaps European Economic Community (EEC) capitals like Bonn make loans contingent on the maintenance of democratic policies. But the general, realistic tendency is to try to absorb the Italian communist upstarts, keep them honest, and increasingly convert them.

For their part, the communists are anxious not to rock the boat because, like any Italian government, they are dependent on the goodwill, markets, and financial assistance of their Western neighbors. Eager to please and to quell suspicions, they govern with the utmost caution. In the beginning, at least, they pointedly pass up such sensitive ministerial portfolios as interior and defense. They bend over backward to share power with the conventional parties and broaden their consensus. Détente being what it is, Moscow has little to say about it all.

Scenario II: Détente, on the other hand, collapses, and it could be an entirely different story, with the Italian communists caught out on the wrong side of the fence. In a renewed cold war, the West recoils from this enemy alien in its midst. NATO puts Italy in quarantine, at best. Public opinion in the EEC countries, reawakened to the Soviet threat, makes it increasingly difficult for the governments to extend financial assistance to the suspect country. Conceivably, after Tito's death neighboring Yugoslavia erupts into separatist turmoil and tumbles back under Soviet influence.

Virtually ostracized by the West, under economic and financial duress, with the Soviet fleet staring down from across the Adriatic, the Italian communist leadership, whether it wants to or not, is forced to succumb increasingly to the *force majeure* of the East. What is it to do if the only available loan is one proffered by an Eastern-bloc country, for instance? And if the incumbent Italian leaders don't really want to play, well, with active Soviet influence now a factor, what's to prevent their being replaced by some who do? By then Italy itself will have long since compounded the demolition of détente.

Small wonder that Italian communists are presently attached to détente. By way of self-reassurance, they wishfully insist that both Moscow and Washington—whatever happens and whoever the respective leaders are—will have no real choice but to keep détente alive, and they are probably right. But just to make sure, let's *all* say a prayer to their patron saint. □

Jordan Bonfante is the Rome bureau chief for Time *magazine.*

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parties. No American ambassador in Europe ever meets a local communist official. In Rome the embassy's political section is deputed to meet regularly with a middle-ranking official of the Italian Communist Party, but Volpe never sees Berlinguer, and no other American embassy in Europe has any official contact at all—"although we read *L'Humanité* [the French Communist Party newspaper] every day," an American diplomat in Paris says proudly. Since an important task of embassies is to watch local political trends and to strengthen American ties to all shades of local opinion, this policy, dating back to the days of Dulles, simply keeps the embassies from doing their job. It would be cheaper and just as effective if the State Department closed the embassies and used the money saved to subscribe to *L'Humanité* and its Italian counterpart, *L'Unità*. As it is, if communists come to power, the United States will be without personal knowl-

A Crying Need for Some Gaullist Magic

by Rudolph Chelminski

Paris

Whenever a political thundercloud looms on the horizon, the reaction of the French moneyed bourgeoisie is automatic: get the money the hell out of France. It has happened many times (most recently in May 1968), but most especially when the thundercloud was gathering on the Left. Now the bourgeoisie are at it again. With dark foreboding, they have begun to foresee a Second Coming of the Popular Front—that coalition of left-liberal antifascist parties which dominated French politics during much of the Thirties.

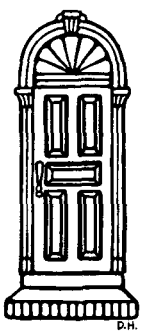
"Are we in 1934?" asked the liberal *Le Monde* recently in a front-page headline. Well might one ask. As in 1934, the Left has quit its characteristic bickering and is united in an increasingly successful socialist-communist alliance. As in 1934, France is wallowing in a severe economic downturn. Inflation and unemployment—and the Giscard d'Estaing government's efforts to deal with them—are breeding an endless series of demonstrations, strikes, and revolts of all kinds, from regional separatists to students to peasants to . . . dentists.

Above all, of course, the mighty industrial labor unions, such as the communist Confédération Général du Travail, have set the tone with "national action days," followed by threats of worse to come. The socialist Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail, usually rather restrained, is in a mood of buoyant cockiness. Heaping contempt on Giscard's reform plans, CFDT Secretary-General Edmond Maire has promised some changes of his own: "The reforms," he growled, "we will impose them by force."

Rudolph Chelminski is a free-lance writer living in Paris.

Recent district elections in France have badly shaken the moneyed bourgeoisie; for the first time in memory, the Left won a full majority of the votes: 56 percent. In two years legislative elections will decide whether the Left's *programme commun* is to win a majority in Parliament, as the Popular Front did in 1936. A feeling of *déjà vu* is in the air.

It may not happen, of course. Between now and 1978 Giscard's team, which has disciplined itself and is beginning to run hard, may swing the trend around. But if it doesn't, France is going to find herself at an extremely awkward pass—a constitutional crisis whose denouement no one can predict.



The central fact is that the Constitution of the Fifth Republic simply does not provide for the case of a President of one persuasion and a Parliament of another. Because they are not elected on the same timetable, the two can find themselves in utter opposition, with their respective roles and powers unclear. Giscard himself, it is rumored, is perplexed and has asked his staff to prepare position papers on his options in the event of a left majority against him in the Chambre des Députés. The parliamentary observers have, of course, come up with five or six different theories: Giscard could dissolve the assembly and call for new legislative elections, but what would prevent them from turning out the same way? He could try to name his own government, but Parliament would certainly reject it. He could resign and call for new presidential elections, but that would be risky and could lead to even further constitutional complications. He could throw up his hands and just quit, but that would be futile. Or he could unilaterally end his government's responsibility to Parliament; but this would be tantamount to a direct test of strength, an *épreuve de force*. How would the Left react? What strife and civil disorder—and what repression—would ensue?

But even here the contradictions do not end. As much as the left coalition has proved its electoral strength, it is riddled with incompatibilities. François Mitterrand, the socialist, is notoriously anticommunist. Georges Marchais, his communist sidekick in the alliance, has been talking more and more like a liberal of late, but nonparty critics view him as little better than a cosmetically disguised Stalinist. After all, the communists' avowed goal is to use the *programme commun* to create "advanced democracy" as a transitional step to socialism and then to communism. Mitterrand, in turn, hopes to use the communists only until he can live without them. The alliance is an eccentric machine that could fly apart if ever it were plugged in.

"After all," Mitterrand allegedly told American Ambassador Kenneth Rush, "we can't get rid of the communists by machine-gunning them."

Reflecting on Mitterrand's strategy of "using" the communists, one Parisian commentator brought up a few historical precedents and observed, "In socialism, the place for the communists is in the opposition; in communism, the place for the socialists is in prison."

What would happen if the Left won? Again, the scenarios are too numerous and the imponderables too complicated to predict with any great accu-

(Continued on page 59)

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edge of and influence with the new governors of one of its allies.

Washington should remember that it has company in its concern. The communist thrust is a problem for everybody. It's a problem for the Russians, who doubt they can control any Western communist governments and who have learned from their experience with China that a hostile communist government is more trouble any day than a barrel of capitalists. It's a problem for all 15 NATO nations: how many military secrets do you tell a communist, even if he's an ally? It's a problem for the rest of Europe, which has been moving recently toward the Right, and for the Common Market, which is a capitalist organization to which both France and Italy belong. It's a problem for noncommunist politicians, who wonder whether communists, once in power, would ever give that power up.

Would communists in a Western government be controlled by Moscow? The Western communists deny it, and Moscow, judging by its scowls, seems to believe them. Berlinguer's Italian party probably has won the right to be taken seriously on this. Its postwar leader, Palmiro Togliatti, criticized repression in Russia, talked about "an Italian road to socialism," and invented the theory of "communist polycentrism," which still distresses the Soviets. At the recent Soviet party congress in Moscow, Berlinguer rose in the Kremlin to proclaim that "the recognition and respect of the full independence of each country, progressive movement, and communist and workers' party are matters of decisive importance in principle and practice." For more than 20 years, the Italian communists have been more political party than revolutionary cabal and have competed, with increasing success, for the Italians' votes; to do this, they have had to demonstrate independence from Moscow. Most of their economic policies are reformist, in the Social Democratic tradition, rather than Marxist or millennial. This has frequently enraged the Russians: Mikhail Suslov, Moscow's leading theoretician, hinted recently that the Italians are "enemies of Marxism." There are those, of course, who see this as a hoax, a shadow show cooked up by the Italians and Russians to sucker a gullible West. But there are also those who said the same thing about the Sino-Soviet split, even after Chinese and Soviet soldiers began shooting at one another across the Amur River.

Berlinguer says he would keep Italy in NATO and do nothing to upset the East-West balance of power. Eugenio Peggio, the Italian party's leading economist, says that "we do not have any prejudice against any foreign capital and, in particular, American capital." And at any rate, the Italian party, as *The Guardian* of Britain notes, "is certainly more autonomous than Italy's Christian Democrats with their chains to the Vatican and Washington."

The independence of the French party merits more skepticism. Over the years, the French communists have been more pro-Moscow, more doctrinaire, more rigid. Only in the past year has Georges Marchais led his party into a new stance that rejects the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and criticizes concentration camps in Russia. Some of this—like the replacement of the clenched-fist salute with the outstretched hand of friendship—is cosmetic. Much of it seems opportunistic, inspired by the realization that the Italian party's independent line is winning more votes than the French party's subservient posture. Marchais, who likes to say, "I drink wine, not vodka," has promised that "decisions made by the French Communist Party cannot be made in Moscow, Washington, Bonn, or anywhere else." The Russians take all this seriously enough. They sent Andrei Kirilenko, Leonid Brezhnev's heir apparent, to Paris to criticize "all this noise over the 'defense of the rights of man' in socialist countries."

Both parties keep close formal relations with the Soviet party, and many people wonder how independent they could be in practice. But this is not 1948, Italy is not Czechoslovakia, and France is not Poland. The Soviet Union has never been able to impose its will on an ally without tanks. Italy and France have no common border with Russia, and anyone who doubts the importance of such a border as a factor in Soviet control should consult the Hungarians or Latvians. If Portugal were contiguous to Russia, it would be communist today.

It's possible that Russia's empire may be about to spread westward. But it seems more likely that what is happening constitutes the third great schism in world communism, after Tito's breakaway in 1948 and the Sino-Soviet split 12 years later.

If Europe's communists want to stay in NATO, should NATO accept them? The question applies only to Italy; Spain is not in NATO, and de Gaulle pulled France out of the military part of the alliance in 1966, doing as much damage to it as Marchais could ever hope to. Italy is a member in good standing and the headquarters of NATO's Mediterranean command. As the Sixth Fleet finds fewer and fewer Mediterranean harbors, Italy's strategic importance grows. But could Italian communist ministers be trusted to sit in NATO's inner circles, plan NATO strategy, take part in NATO's Nuclear Planning Group, in which the allies get a peep at American nuclear thinking? Portugal allowed itself to be squeezed out of the NPG, but what if Italy insisted on staying in? Would the United States then stop sharing its secrets with NATO? The answers are not necessarily obvious, despite

Berlinguer and Carrillo—"The CP is Spain's best-organized political force."

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the warnings of Ford and Kissinger. To assume that communism in Italy would "undermine" NATO is to accept that a political event in one nation should be allowed to destroy the entire edifice of Western collective security. This overreaction would only compound the problem. Before it happens, the United States should consider whether Italy's communists, if sincerely anxious to remain independent of Moscow, might find their NATO membership a useful shield. If so, why drive them out? What is the alliance for, if not to protect its members from the Russians?

There is no such thing as European unity. But the Common Market has succeeded in creating a customs union and an agricultural market that bring real benefits to Italy and France—particularly France. The other seven nations of the European Economic Community cannot keep communists from coming to power in those nations, but they have plenty of financial weapons to ensure communist cooperation in the Western economic and political world. It is possible that the prospect of a communist government would cause such a flight of capital from France or Italy that severe exchange controls—anathema to the EEC concept—would be inevitable. In that event, financial statesmanship would be required that is equal to the diplomacy needed to keep NATO together, but, as with NATO, the mutual benefits would be worth the effort.

THE DANGERS which Western-style communism poses to European democracy are perhaps the most serious problem of all and cause concern not only in Washington but also among Europeans, especially the anticommunist socialists of Northern Europe. The communist record on democracy is unrelievedly terrible. There are 17 nations in the world that have gone communist, and not one is democratic today (although only one, Czechoslovakia, had solid experience with democracy, none was democratic in the years before the communists took over, and none chose communism by ballot). Communist theory holds that only Marxists understand both history and the future and so have a duty to wield power, democratic scruples notwithstanding.

Against this, the Italian and French communists say, in effect, "We're different." Both have pledged to protect the basic freedoms of speech, dissent, press, and religion. In the face of doubts that they would ever yield power after once gaining it, both have promised to go gracefully if the voters so command. Unlike the parties in communist nations, both have been competing in democratic societies for years and have learned the rules.

Keystone

Socialist Mitterrand marching with Marchais—The appearance of solidarity.

Most important, no European communist party stands any chance of governing alone. The French communists are the junior partner in a popular front dominated by the socialists, who are convinced they can keep control. Berlinguer insists on a left-right "historic compromise" with the Christian Democrats, to avoid polarizing Italy and igniting the kind of right-wing military coup that toppled Allende in Chile. (The fate of Allende, as well as the American role in destroying his regime, haunts the European Left and has created a suspicion of Washington, amounting almost to paranoia, that may be impossible to eradicate.) Berlinguer calls the Christian Democrats a "great popular force" that must stay in the government "to save democracy and achieve a general renewal of society and public life in Italy." Certainly, the communists' record in governing many Italian and French cities is good, especially by comparison with the graft and inefficiency in other cities.

To present these arguments is not to contend that the United States should welcome the possibility of communists in power; any way you look at it, the prospect presents more problems than opportunities. But neither should we treat it automatically as an unbelted disaster. As noted earlier, there probably is nothing we can do about it. Our support over the years for the self-serving gerontocracy that has misruled Italy since the war (38 governments in 33 years) has had a lot to do with the communists' success. To order Italians and Frenchmen to beware of their communists is pointless. To reject in advance any collaboration with them is self-defeating because it will force them to seek their support from Russia and guarantee that what opportunities exist will be missed. For there *are* opportunities—not the least the possibility that Western communists may prove more Western than communist and, encouraged and protected by their nations' allies, may be absorbed into the democratic mainstream, becoming no more revolutionary than the socialists who were similarly absorbed in the first quarter of this century. Wouldn't *that* be a prize worth winning?

Finally, it comes down to one question: why have we been in Europe these past 30 years? Is our task to defend the West against all communists, domestic and foreign? Or is it to defend the Western democratic way of life—a way of life that includes free elections and, by extension, the Europeans' right to elect communists to office? Put this way, the question answers itself; given the stakes involved, however, it is not that pat. It *is* a terrible risk that Italy and France—and the rest of us—may be taking. But to reject that risk would invite even greater hazards, from the rot of disillusion to the rage of unrest, and we can do better than that. □

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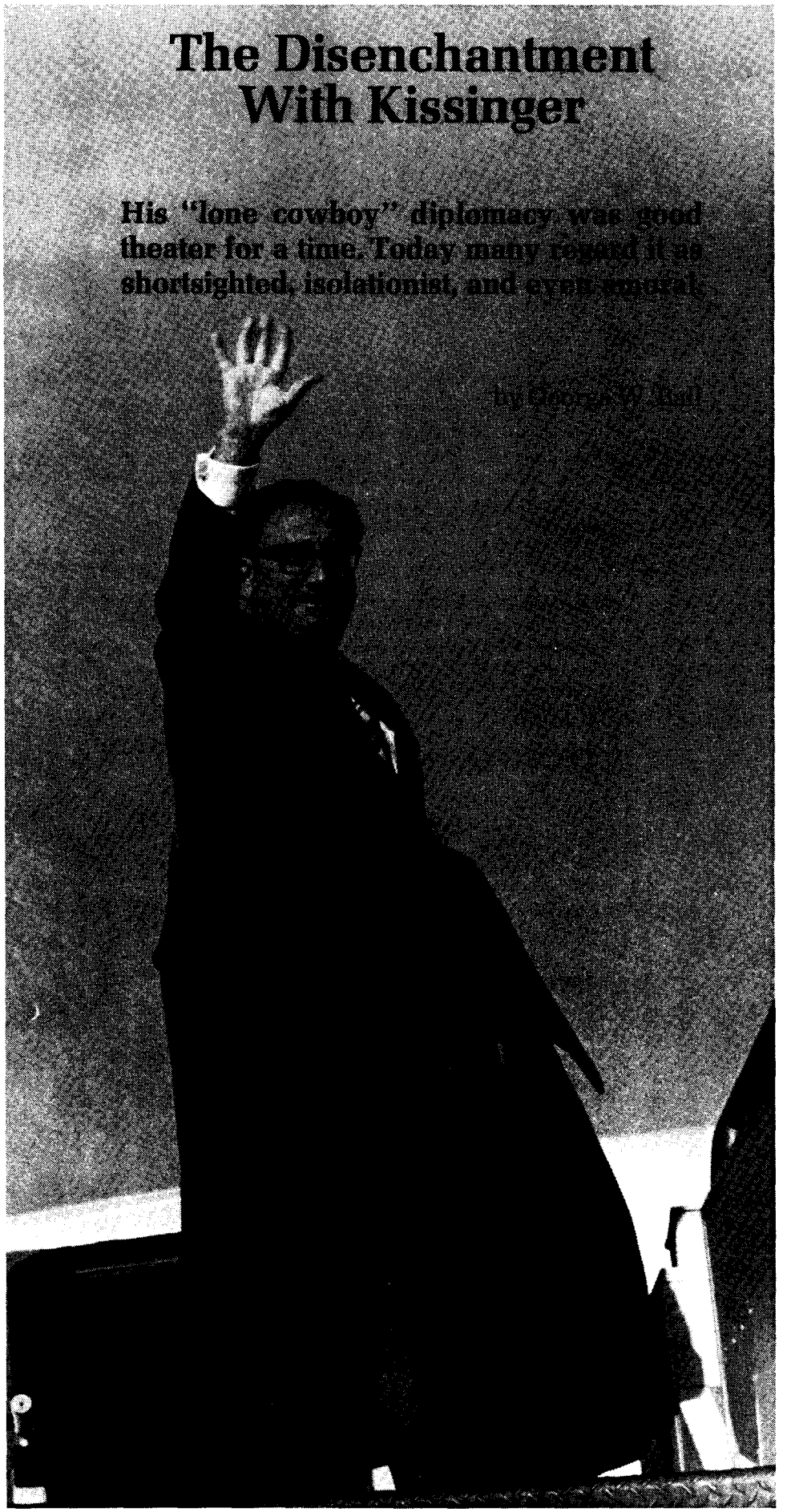

The Disenchantment With Kissinger

His "lone cowboy" diplomacy was good theater for a time. Today many regard it as shortsighted, isolationist, and even immoral.

by George W. Ball

One of Secretary of State Kissinger's favorite themes is the building of an "international system of order." Yet he neglects the fact that a system of order presupposes common adherence to a recognized set of ground rules; since his addiction to the tactical opportunity so often diverts him from his ultimate destination, it is impossible to identify the stars from which he takes his bearings. His guiding purpose is, by constantly tinkering with the mechanism, to maintain a shifting balance of power—an act which, unrelated to any body of basic principles, becomes a tour de force with no meaning beyond the virtuosity of the achievement.

That is not to say that Kissinger hesitates to participate in or even propose the drafting of agreed rules. He was, for example, involved in developing the Principles Governing the Relations Between the United States and the Soviet Union, issued in Moscow in 1972, and the Agreement for the Prevention of Nuclear War, issued in Washington in 1973. He personally proposed a "New Atlantic Charter." But it is easier to draft principles than to follow them, and there is no evidence that, in conducting policy, he ever lets such formulations get in his way.

That is, perhaps, the basic flaw in Kissinger's foreign policy: he is, par excellence, a pragmatist who puts primary reliance on the managed play and counterplay of force. It is a policy strictly for the short term. It can work during periods when two powerful nations maintain a precarious power balance largely by their own exertions or when a single strong nation manages briefly to impose its own version of order on the world. But even a world order enforced by the common support and action of major world powers—which is, in essence, the formula for peacekeeping contemplated by the United Nations Charter—can operate effectively only if it rests on a body of rules to which those nations agree.

That the lack of such a frame of reference constitutes the principal deficiency in Secretary Kissinger's foreign policy is demonstrated by his efforts to paint over the ugly lesions caused by the Arab-Israeli conflict. Choosing to pursue a tactical line designed to break the Arab

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common front, he ignored the one set of principles on which the major parties to the conflict had agreed. Those principles, embodied in Resolution 242 of the United Nations Security Council, adopted shortly after the Six-Day War, in 1967, provided for "withdrawal of Israeli armed forces from territories occupied in recent conflict"*—which included not only the Sinai but the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights, the West Bank of the Jordan, and Old Jerusalem. It provided also for the "termination of all claims or states of belligerency and respect for and acknowledgment of the sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of every State in the area and their right to live in peace within secure and recognized boundaries free from threats or acts of force."

It was a formulation agreed to not only by the major powers, including the Soviet Union, but by all the warring nations except Syria. Still, although efforts were thereafter made to carry out the resolution, none succeeded—even though experience in other situations had clearly shown that, so long as the Israelis continued to hold the occupied territories, there could be no lasting peace in the Middle East. Indeed, it is now clear from a recent book by a journalist close to Nasser that the Arabs, under Egyptian leadership, began immediately after the 1967 cease-fire to prepare the counter-offensive which finally culminated in the 1973 October War.

Yet, instead of trying to secure the enforcement of that resolution or using it as the framework for a final settlement, the Secretary sought to exploit Egyptian anxiety for a period of respite by arranging a truce with only one of the front-line Arab states. It was a complex bargain with largess for both sides. In effect, it bought off Egypt by providing for a withdrawal in the Sinai Desert sufficient to enable the Egyptians to reopen the Suez Canal and thus gain $500 million a year in canal fees. In addition, it returned to them the Abu Rudeis oil fields, which meant at least another $350 million a year in oil revenues. As compensation to Israel, Kissinger promised that the United States would underwrite its requirements for oil and would provide a massive amount of armaments and money over the next few years, which should enable it to withstand such Arab assaults as would almost certainly be provoked by the fact that the bulk of the territories taken in 1967 (87 percent of the Sinai, the Golan Heights, the Gaza Strip, the West Bank of the Jordan, and Old Jerusalem) still remained under Israeli occupation.

I DOUBT THAT we shall look back on this diplomatic episode with either pride or a sense of accomplishment. It will be noted in the history books as one more incident in the poignant chronicle of historic missed opportunities. Stripped of Kissinger's ritual chatter about maintaining the diplomatic momentum and the perfunctory insistence that the Sinai agreement is only the first step in a diplomatic process, the net result of our effort will have been: (1) to sidetrack any serious movement toward a final solution and (2) to give one party to the conflict a massive arsenal to defend its continued occupation of territories taken by force without regard to accepted principles of international law or of the United Nations Charter as interpreted by one Security Council resolution and reaffirmed by another. History will not mark this down as the finest hour for American diplomacy, which has on a number of past occasions produced results that were both moral and stable—and, very often, stable because they were moral.

Yet the Sinai negotiation is by no means the only example that could be cited to illustrate the absence of principle in the current direction of our foreign policy. One could mention, among many others, President Ford's willing participation in the mass gathering of heads of state at Helsinki, cynically called together to legitimate the Soviets' hold over Eastern Europe; the carpet bombing of Hanoi to improve Kissinger's leverage in negotiating a face-saving and rickety peace; the secret promises made to Thieu to induce him to sign the Paris Accords; and the administration's frantic insistence on waiving all sanctions against Turkey for NATO purposes. Nor is anything more immoral than the totally reckless way successive administrations have, from lack of vigilance and will, allowed the proliferation of nuclear weapons or have—as the present administration is doing with unprecedented profligacy—promoted the spread of sophisticated conventional weapons in order to buy temporary interludes of quiescence in turbulent areas.

Photo: Thomas Hanson

The "miracle worker" with Brezhnev. "Staged man-to-man contests with the breathlessness of tennis matches."

In almost every one of these episodes we have tried to gloss over inherently unstable situations in order to show immediate results. Justifying our action or inaction is a cynicism mislabeled as realism, pragmatism, or hardheadedness. Suggestions for seeking solutions to central issues by seeking solutions in accord with fundamental principles of fairness are tagged as impractical or idealistic. Yet experience has repeatedly shown that diplomacy based merely on the manipulation of power without reference to any accepted body of rules or principles leaves no permanent monuments. Certainly it is no way to build a "system of international order" or a "structure of peace." An enduring structure must be founded on more than the transient friendship of mortal princes or the adroit

*Although the French equivalent of the word *the* was included in the French version to qualify *territories*, its omission in the English version of the resolution was a deliberate effort to allow for a future compromise on whether all or merely some territories would be returned.

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"It is hard to find much of a trace of moral endeavor in what we have done or sought to do."

manipulation of force and counterforce; it must have solid foundations based on conformity to a set of standards widely regarded as equitable.

This underlines the central deficiency in our current unilateralist policy: it is not merely too narrow in its focus but too niggardly in its objectives. Its declared purpose is to bring about a "generation of peace," a phrase reminiscent of Neville Chamberlain's "peace in our time." Yet Americans have never been content merely with peace; we have always seen liberty and the dignity of the individual as higher values, and our current policy is lamentably flawed by its indifference to those values. Although no one can challenge the thesis that, because of the vast destructive power of nuclear weapons, the avoidance of nuclear war is a condition precedent to all other policies, the emphasis on survival as our single, consuming objective could rationalize tyranny. And it is absurd to contend, as Secretary Kissinger implies, that because "the necessity of peace is itself a moral imperative," survival comprehends morality. In spite of the Secretary's insistent but rather defensive avowals of moral purpose, it is hard to find much of a trace of moral endeavor in what we have done or sought to do. And it is a major omission.

Americans have regularly expected a moral content in their foreign policy even though they have been repeatedly deceived when ultimate accomplishments fell short of the expressed ideal. We fought the First World War to "make the world safe for democracy." We fought the Second World War to save the world from an obscene dictatorship. We helped rebuild Europe with the Marshall Plan not only—or even most importantly—because it was good business but in a spirit of compassion and generosity. We pursued a policy of containing Soviet power not just to protect our own shores from invasion but because the communists were enemies of other nations' freedom and individual liberty. We embarked on programs of foreign aid not only because the stimulation of development was sound economics but out of charity and a sense of fair play. Finally, even our misbegotten venture in Vietnam—particularly in its conceptual stages—was touched by an element of idealism.

A foreign policy that does not accord with the instinctive morality of Americans will not gain a constituency, and under our democratic system a foreign policy cannot long endure without a constituency. One can sustain such a policy for a while, as has been done for the past few years, by concealing its emptiness with contrived excitement—the drama and color and pageantry of face-to-face meetings with Brezhnev and Chou En-lai, summit conferences and negotiations staged as man-to-man contests with the breathlessness of tennis matches. Aided by television and the up-to-the-minute comments of "a senior official in the Kissinger party," the daily chronicle of shuttle adventures could be made, for a time, prime entertainment, and many were thrilled to have their affairs managed by a "miracle worker."

In fact—for a time—Americans loved all the excitement of to-ing and fro-ing. They were proud to watch their President flying off in his big airplane to Peking or Moscow; they loved to read of their Secretary of State spending 14 hours with Chou En-lai. They felt reassured when Brezhnev patted the President on the back and behaved with the familiar bonhomie of the professional politician, a universal, but not a vanishing, species.

YET, INEVITABLY, the effect of such theater began to wear off. People added up the results and wondered how much it all meant—especially when success failed to follow success; when the prestidigitator waved his wand to find the rabbit had hopped away. That, of course, was what happened when the Cyprus crisis was egregiously mishandled, when the second stage of Middle East shuttle negotiations broke down in March 1975, and when the highly touted Vietnamese settlement was followed by a nightmarish denouement. Entertainment can distract only so long; the drama may have a brilliant second act, but if it lacks a proper ending, Americans will ask hard questions.

Even summit meetings have lost their attraction as spectacles. Americans who had visited Madame Tussaud's gallery of wax figures in London inevitably felt a sense of *déjà vu* when the cameras displayed the futile gathering of "world statesmen" in Helsinki, where none but the Russians were sure why they were there, yet each uttered banalities for the hometown papers quite unrelated to the tawdry realities of the business at hand. Nor did Secretary Kissinger's shuttle trip to the Middle East in August 1975 do more than raise questions as to why it was necessary. The essential terms of the agreement had been reached with Jerusalem and Cairo before he took off, so the result seemed as fixed as a professional wrestling match. The Secretary's personal involvement served only to raise the stakes on both sides. Finally, President Ford's irrelevant trip to China in December 1975 was greeted by the American people with the boredom it deserved. This time there were not even pandas to show for the effort.

Disenchantment has also been growing in the Congress, which is presumably closer to public sentiment than anyone in Foggy Bottom. It is not merely that the members of the legislative branch are no longer willing to remain shut out from the making or conduct of foreign policy—particularly since they have learned to mistrust what they are told about it—but also that the context of our policy satisfies neither them nor their constituents. It lacks an essential element. What is missing—as more and more congressmen are beginning to realize—is a moral theme to give coherence to what we, as a nation, are trying to do. In the absence of such a theme, they feel unable to explain our policy to the home folks. America, after all, is not dynastic Europe but an open democracy in which the people react effectively only to policies that engage their deeper emotions. And, at long last, they have grown tired of furtiveness and sudden surprise. *Realpolitik*—no matter how brilliantly performed with skillful maneuvers and tactical virtuosity—cannot permanently substitute for a sense of purpose; it is foreign to our instincts and experience.

Thus the changes urgently needed in our foreign policy relate both to substance and to execution. Policy must be broadened and opened. Our angle of vision must be widened. We must design policies and actions related to some accepted body of rules and not merely to the tactical purposes of a moral relativist. □

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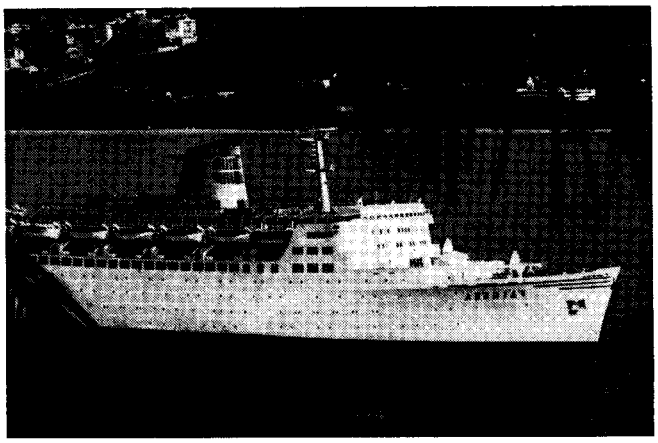

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   c. Developing and printing must be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8 x 10 unmounted.
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   e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 50 cents in stamps or coins. Do not send self-addressed envelopes.
5. Saturday Review reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted whether winners or not. While every effort will be made to ensure safe return of entries, for your own protection, please do not send us entries which have not been duplicated. Saturday Review assumes no obligation for return or loss of any photographs.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two entries (black-and-white and/or color) to this magazine's Travel Photography Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 10, 1976, to be eligible for judging.
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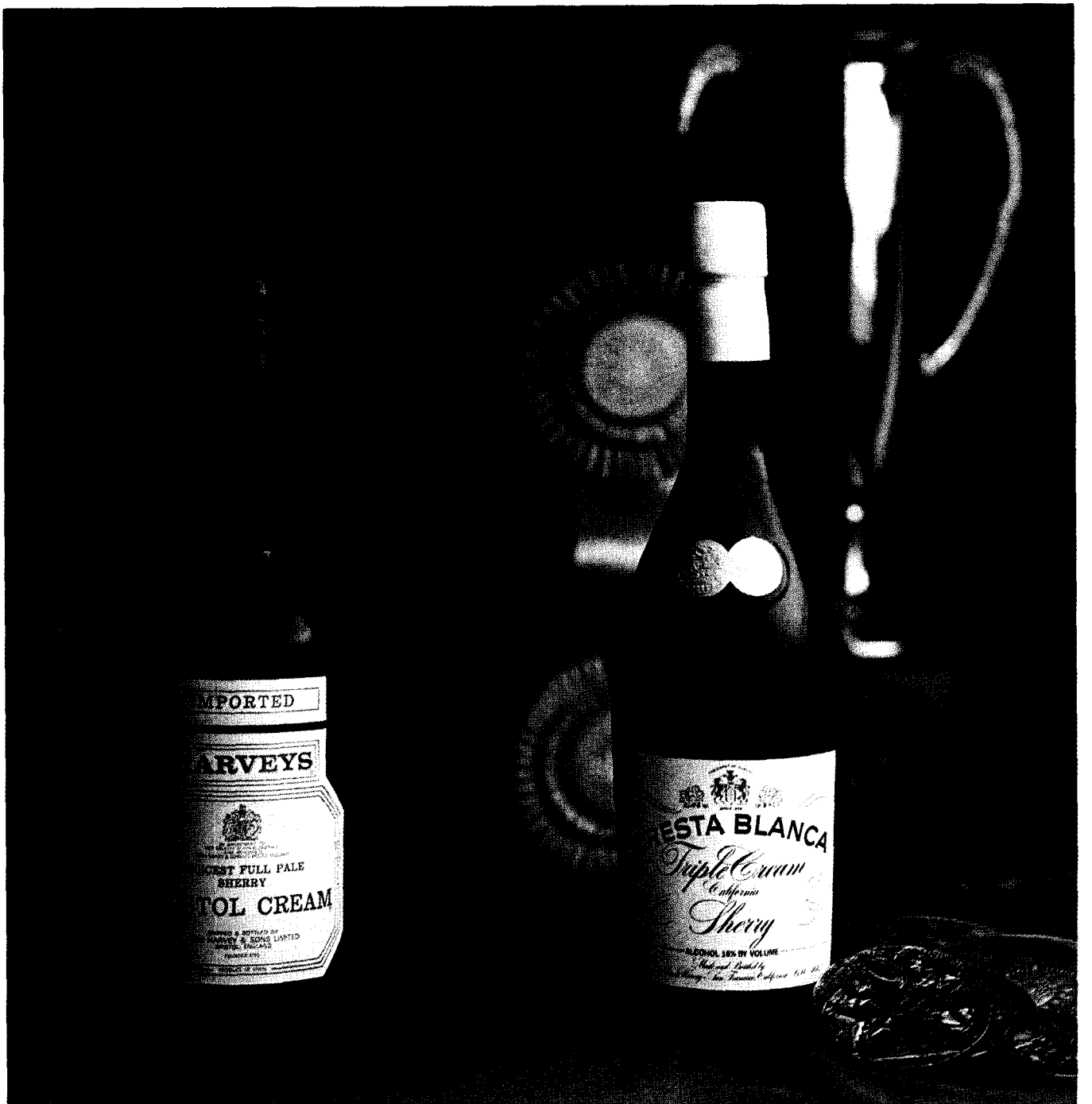

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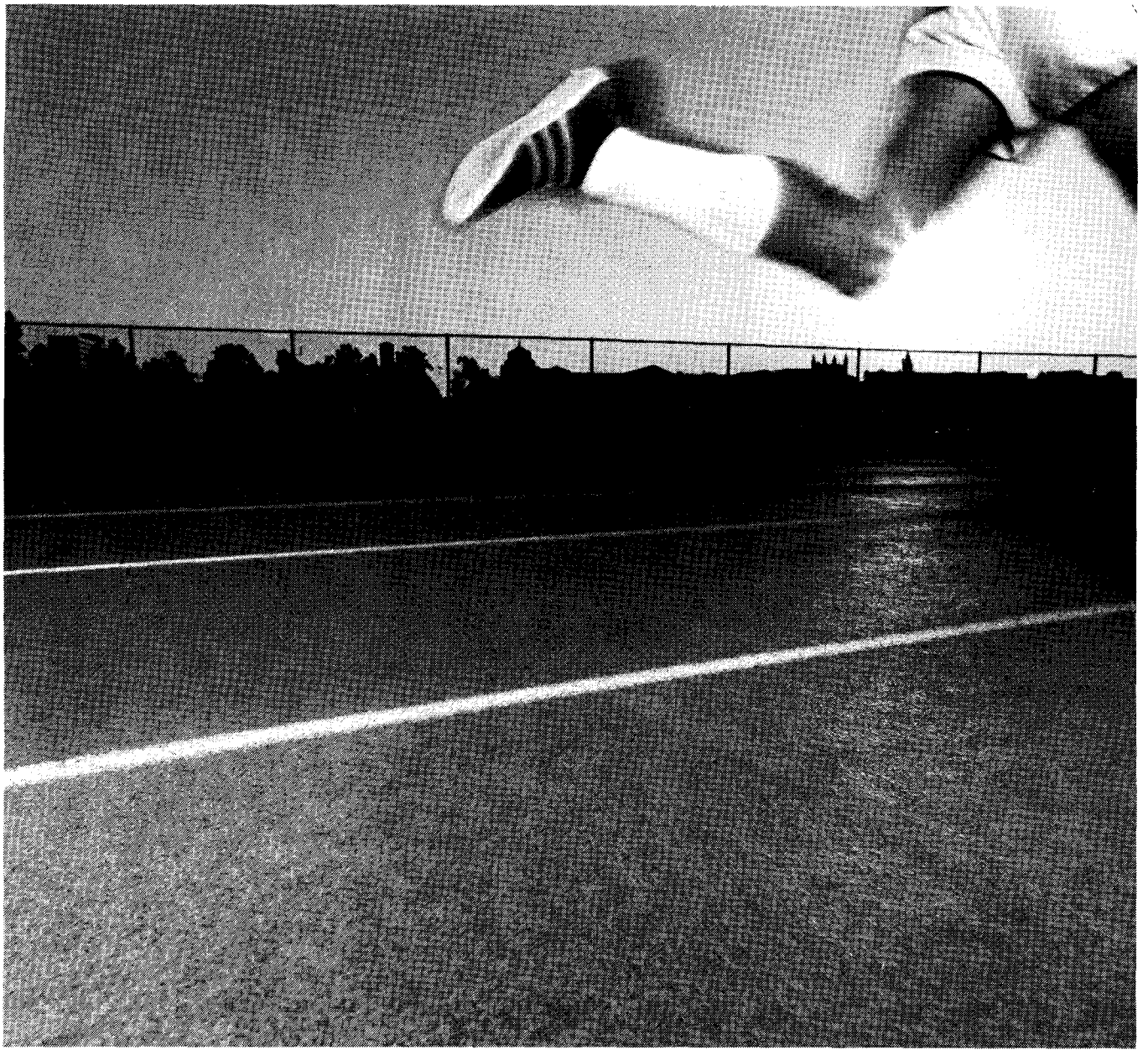

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SR Books

The Tall Texan

Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream
by Doris Kearns
Harper & Row, 413 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Larry McMurtry

Many controversial or merely long-awaited books prove, in the reading, anticlimactic; this one does not. It is an excellent book, and we, as readers, can be grateful that the dispute over its publication, which involved another publisher and the collaboration of Richard Goodwin as co-author, came out the way it did [see box on page 26]. American publishing has few enough standards to lose; one can only be glad that it was checked, in this instance, from sliding precipitously on toward ethical anarchy.

Then, too, one would not have liked to see Richard Goodwin's vague, convoluted, always oracular style grafted onto Miss Kearns's graceful, precise, and flexible prose. The two styles would have mixed like oil and water, to the ultimate embarrassment of Mr. Goodwin, and instead of having a good book we would have had an awkward mutant. Indeed, the book we do have is so firmly constructed, so well written, and so faithful to its own ambitions that it is hard to believe that Mr. Goodwin could have worked much of a violation. At best he would have been left to swing, as it were, on the book's back gate, where he would have looked ridiculous.

In any case, *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream* is a triumph—partly Miss Kearns's and partly Lyndon Johnson's. It is no small irony that Lyndon Johnson chose a Harvard intellectual to confide in. The intuition that served him so well when he took Lady Bird to wife served him again—on a different scale, surely, but no less well—when he chose Doris Kearns as his historian. Shrewd about people to the end, he found a mind and a sensibility that he could trust to represent him to history; again, as with his wife, the trust was not misplaced. Miss Kearns is far from uncritical of Johnson, but the effort she has made to untangle the psychic knots of his character and relate them to his actions as a leader is nonetheless extremely loyal, requiring much empathy and a long application of effort and intelligence.

The Lyndon Johnson she analyzes so tactfully and intelligently was a man whose basic modes of action were formed in reaction to the deep but only partially acknowledged conflict between his parents. This is hardly novel. Most of us develop in reaction to the unlived lives of our parents, but most of us, of course, do not become President. Johnson's legacy from his mother, whom he idealized, was the unremitting sense that love was something to be earned through stellar performance; from this stemmed the lifelong feeling that he could never afford to let up, for a love that is earned through performance can be withdrawn once the performance falters. Johnson's efforts to earn the love of the American people through his social programs were unremitting, and their refusal to love him left him more puzzled than he could say, even to Miss Kearns.

Johnson's problem as a youth was to please his mother without at the same time overreaching or humiliating his more easygoing, somewhat vulgar father—a loving man who was for the most part a failure at the affairs of the world. The tension of his position vis-à-vis his parents produced an almost lifelong sense of near paralysis whenever—as with Vietnam—he was forced to choose between apparently irreconcilable goals. Of the many recurrent dreams Miss Kearns reports, those of paralysis are the most extraordinary. Most of the other dreams—that of standing defenseless in the path of a cattle stampede or of swimming endlessly in a river, unable to reach either bank—derived from stories of the great trail drives that he had heard from his cattleman grandfather.

After explicating, as fully as she can, Johnson's family situation and its effects on his developing character, she goes on to trace his progress as a politician, from his days as a student organizer at San Marcos College, through his brief career

Keystone

LBJ and friend—"His magnetism only worked face to face."

Novelist Larry McMurtry's latest book is Terms of Endearment.

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in the House, his complex career in the Senate, his Vice-Presidency, and the turmoil of the Presidency itself. Fortunately, Miss Kearns is a skilled student of government, sufficiently informed about the complexities of the House, the Senate, and the executive branch to be able to set Johnson's achievements, and his failures, in context.

Of particular interest is his genius for apprenticeship, central to which was his ability to choose the top man in a given institution to apprentice himself to. As he served, he learned, and he then usually proceeded quietly and tactfully to surpass and supplant his master while remaining good friends with him. Only at the Vice-Presidential level did this tactic fail him; he quickly found out that being Vice-President was no way to learn about being President. Without appearing to labor the point, Miss Kearns demonstrates again and again how Johnson's youthful need to keep the peace between his parents affected his style as a politician, a style dependent upon endless and often very subtle personal negotiation. His need to avoid direct confrontation was extreme; at the approach of unavoidable confrontation —at the polls, for example—he nearly always got sick.

If there is anything missing from this book, it is only the flavor of Johnson's speech. Most of Miss Kearns's conversations with him took place after his withdrawal to the hill country, when he was a good deal subdued; it is probable, too, that, since he knew he was, in a sense,

(Continued on page 59)

Anatomy of a Scandal

For readers not familiar with the long, messy story behind the publication of the Kearns book, a quick recapitulation of the facts follows:

Doris Kearns arrived in Washington in 1967 as a White House Fellow. Soon after, she co-authored a *New Republic* article calling for the unseating of Lyndon Johnson in 1968 because of his Vietnam policies. Ironically, several months later, the pretty, diminutive 25-year-old Harvard Ph.D. candidate became LBJ's confidante, and in his final months in office he asked her to help him edit his memoirs.

In 1970, Basic Books, a small but prestigious publisher, commissioned Miss Kearns to write a "psychobiography" of LBJ. Five years later, after turning out 480 pages, Miss Kearns—through her agent—informed Basic that she had stopped working on the book and was instead collaborating with Richard Goodwin, a onetime Johnson aide and political speechwriter, on another, broader book about the President.

Basic was asked to make an offer for the new book, but it declined, saying it already had Miss Kearns under contract. Two weeks later Miss Kearns returned Basic's $24,000 advance with a note saying she was terminating the contract. That same day she and Goodwin signed with Simon & Schuster, receiving a $150,000 advance against royalties.

The personal involvement of the two writers (they were now, the media pantingly reported, living together) helped their case little. Many saw her playing Galatea to his Pygmalion. In any case, Basic would have none of it. They slapped a lawsuit on both writers, on their agent, and on Simon & Schuster, claiming breach of contract. The case clearly posed an arresting question: can an author unilaterally withdraw a book from its contracted publisher? Further, the case dramatized the risky position a publisher can find itself in when intense interest wells up around a manuscript-in-progress and that work can be pirated by another publisher offering larger inducements.

The publishing industry, outraged at the maneuvering of Miss Kearns and Goodwin, quickly joined ranks behind Basic, and Goodwin withdrew from the venture. The squabble over Doris Kearns's book was resolved out of court with the agreement that Harper & Row, owner of Basic Books, would publish her *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream*. Richard Goodwin, meanwhile, seems unperturbed. He got the girl (he and Miss Kearns have since married), and he will still have his say. According to Simon & Schuster, Goodwin will deliver his book drawing on his experiences in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations to them in the fall.

SUSAN HEATH

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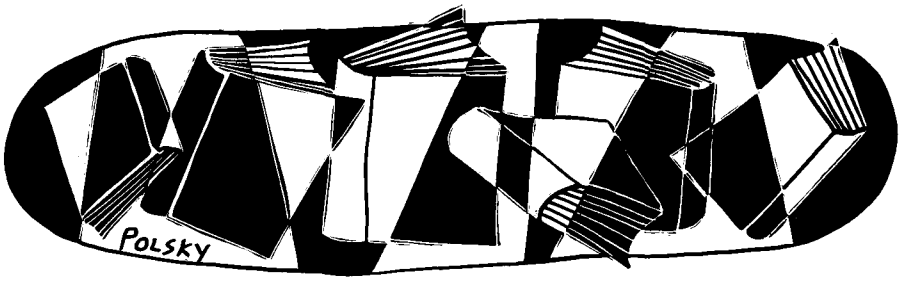
In a Circle of Flames

The Abyss
by Marguerite Yourcenar
Translated from the French by Grace Frick, in collaboration with the author
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 374 pp., $10

Reviewed by Stephen Koch

Marguerite Yourcenar is a French novelist, poet, and essayist whose best-known work of fiction is *Memoirs of Hadrian*, which had an enormous success here when it was translated into English in 1954, and which survived to establish itself as a minor classic. Yourcenar spent years in meticulous research on the life of the second-century Roman emperor, and her imagination penetrated the marble and produced "a portrait of a voice"—Hadrian's own, speaking in his old age, meditating on his life as a man and as ruler of the known world. The result is not just another historical novel; *Memoirs* is, arguably, a great achievement. Intense artistic focus, intellectual power, and solid scholarly gifts come together to erase the rubble of 18 centuries—Hadrian speaks with an eerie intimacy, utterly believable as a figure from history but with an immediate, breathing reality. His voice does not seem invented; it seems, authentically, overheard.



The current edition of *Memoirs of Hadrian** is printed with 41 photographs of surviving sculpted portraits of Hadrian and his contemporaries—Trajan, Antinoüs, the boy Marcus Aurelius. These highly realistic relics give the novel a special, added power. The Roman sculptors made these portraits almost photographically precise, and, after all the centuries, the blank eyes in the marble-and-bronze faces seem to stare out in a silent meditation on time and death. In the novel's context—that of Hadrian's voice, seemingly so alive—they generate a powerful, though unwritten, poem above the surface of Yourcenar's prose. It is the only *interestingly* illustrated modern novel I know. For *Memoirs* is, of course, a modern novel. Its silent but ever-present subtext is Yourcenar's own meditation on time and death—on the life, the values, the perspectives, and the pathos of history itself. The faces are marble, but at the living quick of history what we seem to overhear is the real Hadrian, engaged with his own life and death, *thinking*.

Thinking—human consciousness at its unmediated center—is likewise the subject of Yourcenar's newly translated novel, *The Abyss*. But the world and time resurrected here are very different. *The Abyss* is located in Northern Europe during the first half of the 16th century. The various crises of Protestant reform, the rise of capitalistic nationalism, and the accelerating bitter collapse of medieval life and thought are creating a society of unparalleled intolerance, hysteria, and terror. This is the landscape of the Inquisition (imported to the Low Countries by Philip II of Spain), of the Religious Wars and frenzied peasant rebellions, and of increasingly murderous religious fanaticism everywhere. It is the landscape of Brueghel, of Grünewald, and of the fantasies of Hieronymus Bosch. In every city, the screaming deaths of heretics burning at the stake continually edify the public. Condemned women are buried alive rather than being hanged so that nobody can lasciviously look up their skirts as they die. "Heretics" bribe their executioners, hoping to be mercifully strangled and spared their agony when the pyres are lit. There is no place to hide. Even when not at war, every political and religious faction enforces conformity with terror. In this age of reform, all non-conforming philosophical thought is ruthlessly suppressed.

Into this landscape Yourcenar has placed her fictitious main character, a freethinker named Zeno, whom she follows from his birth (as the son of a Flemish banker's sister and an ambitious, dissolute young Italian cardinal) through his driven, anonymous, hunted life as a physician, alchemist, and philosopher. He is an intellectual on the edge of modernity, caught in a terroristic abyss between Protestantism and Catholicism (each equally dangerous to him, a secret atheist), between scholasticism and rationalism, between magical thinking and empiricism, between medieval and modern consciousness. This is the underside, the nightmare, of the Renaissance. Zeno is fictitious, but Yourcenar has assimilated into his life incidents and attributes from the lives of numerous real thinkers and scientists of his period—among them Paracelsus, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, even Leonardo and Erasmus—some of whom, like Zeno, were eventually put to death.

Born in Bruges, in Flanders, Zeno is educated by monks and physicians in Flanders, Spain, and France. As a high-born illegitimate child, he might have entered the church, but his fractious intellectual independence prevents it. He becomes instead a physician and an alchemist, traveling to Turkey and the "East," which was considered to be the sacred ground of hermetism and the occult—like many of his contemporaries, Zeno is caught between a pantheistic occultism and a rationalistic atheism. After demystifying the "East" in his own mind, he returns to Europe to secretly pursue alchemy and medicine, sometimes in intrigues with people in power, sometimes alone. He lives in Austria, then is driven away. He turns up as a physician at Cologne during the plague. At great risk, he publishes philosophical and scientific treatises on the life of plants, the human heartbeat (the circulation of the blood would not be discovered for another 70 years), and books of prophecy somewhere between rational speculation, proto-science fiction, and occultism. And everything about the man puts him in grave danger.

For, as Yourcenar says, "It was one of those periods when the human mind gets entrapped in a circle of flames." Zeno's mother (introduced to her heresies by the pillow talk of her handsome, intense cardinal 10 years *before* Luther's emergence), is swept up into an Ana-

*Noonday, 347 pp., $4.50, paper.

Stephen Koch, author of Stargazer: Andy Warhol's World & His Films, *appears frequently in these pages.*

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baptist's peasant rebellion and dies horribly during the siege of Münster, in 1534. In Paris, Zeno's publisher, Etienne Dolet, is burned at the stake. Zeno may briefly stay in one place—with political protection, even favor—but then he must run. He becomes physician to the Protestant King of Sweden, Gustavus Vasa, then falls from favor and must flee to Catholic Paris, where he is interviewed by an impressed and cynically sympathetic Catherine de Medici, who in due time would order the Saint Bartholomew's Day Massacre. But his heretical identity is again revealed, and he flees once more, back to his native Bruges, where he eventually finds refuge under an assumed name, working as a physician.

But Flanders is now ruled by the Inquisition and the Council of Blood. Zeno's assistant, a fantasy-ridden, simple young monk, becomes involved in an elaborate sexual imbroglio with some local girls—their frolics include some religious rituals—and when captured and condemned, the young man desperately accuses Zeno, as a scapegoat. Zeno's true identity is revealed; he is tried and condemned for heresy and sodomy. After a life of practical caution and intellectual daring, a life of flight, Zeno is caught at last in the Inquisition's better mousetrap. The night before he is to be burned at the stake, he performs one of the most intellectually radical acts of his life—suicide was almost unknown in the 16th century—when he cuts his wrists with his small physician's razor and, by dying alone in his cell in the high Roman fashion, transcends the very era that has destroyed him. This final passage must surely be accounted one of the most powerful and profound in the fiction of the last two decades.

HADRIAN RULES THE WORLD, but Zeno is a man of thought who must live with himself as his mind's only companion. Even with the deeply sympathetic humanistic abbot of the monastery that finally shelters him—a Christian shaken to despair by the times—Zeno must be evasive and ironic. He must lie. And so his powerful mind is almost entirely turned in on itself, alternately guttering and flaring to a phantasmagoric incandescence. In a chapter called, like the novel, "The Abyss," Yourcenar employs her gift for entering the meditations of people in another era to produce an amazing document of the intellect imprisoned in its time and place, at once feeding and extinguishing itself in a struggle to grow and define itself at one of the most problematic and important junctures of Western intellectual history.

As Yourcenar re-creates the bleak landscape, her powers as a novelist are given their full scope. I think of her evocation of the placid, hierarchical delicacy of Marguerite of Austria, the Hapsburg Regent of Flanders, paying a royal visit to the country estate of Zeno's uncle, a vulgar but important banker. Or her brilliant depiction of Zeno's mother swept into mass hysteria during the siege of Münster. Or her description of Zeno the physician grimly stepping into the bedroom of a woman dying of the plague. To this the book adds the extraordinary richness of its artistic encounter with Zeno's mind. It is, in its way, a major contribution to what Michel Foucault, the French intellectual historian, has called *l'archéologie du savoir*, the archeology of knowledge. Yourcenar herself has spoken of her aim as an artist—to "do from within, the same work of reconstruction which the 19th-century archeologists have done from without." *The Abyss* is a major contribution to that aim. In her brilliant reflections on writing *Memoirs of Hadrian*, she speaks of her artistic method: "one foot in scholarship, the other in the magic arts." The phrase is striking and now reads like a prophecy of her next major work, a description of Zeno's own mind.

As an artist and thinker—for Yourcenar's novels must be regarded as simultaneously art, scholarship, and profound philosophical meditation—Marguerite Yourcenar writes squarely in defense of the very highest standards and traditions of that enlightened humanism which Hadrian promulgated for an empire and to the agonized rebirth of which her Zeno dies a martyr. It is, to say the least, heartening to find a writer so deeply committed to that humanism who is producing major art at this moment in our own history. It is, in fact, inspiring.

Yourcenar has never achieved quite the reputation she deserves, partly because she has not been extremely pro-

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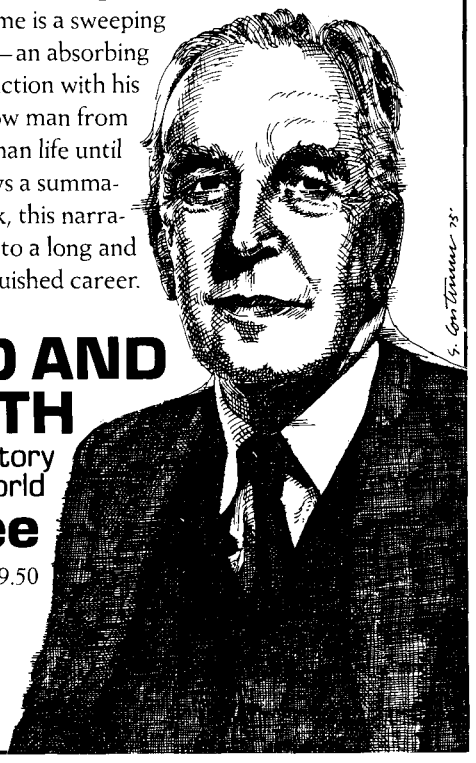

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LITTLE, BROWN

lific (in reputation-making, it helps to keep the "product" dancing before the public's eyes) and partly because she is in the anomalous—indeed, unique—position of being a major French writer and an American citizen. (She lives in Maine, on Mount Desert Island—*Mount Desert Island!*—its very name a triple oxymoron for that meditative isolation which is her great theme.) Crucial to the rigorous humanism to which she has devoted her art is a deeply intelligent vision of heroism in history, a spiritual heroism without tears. Hadrian and Zeno, in their radically different times and ways, are heroes to the enlightenment of individual strength, courage, and growth in the face of time, blindness, and mortality. Yourcenar's meditation of their lives and destinies makes her work and her own enterprise participate in that same heroic tradition. That sounds very upbeat. But neither Yourcenar's great intelligence nor her unshakable faith in defending such ideas should obscure the fact that they are among the most desperately embattled of all modern intellectual positions.

"Our worst century yet" has not been an age of humanism. Almost the whole of modern thought—to say nothing of modern experience—runs against the positions, and the forms, that Yourcenar defends. (It would be most instructive, for example, to contrast her archeology of knowledge with Foucault's own very brilliant, but hardly humanistic, meditations.) Well, that doesn't matter. The books exist, and the crucial faith they embody is alive and real in their pages. Our own abyss is becoming painfully familiar, but Mlle. Yourcenar has at least lit us a beacon—all facts and fire and light—there on her island off the coast of Maine. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 73
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 60.

For ___ ___ ___ ___ ___, lost on the
Iraqi plain,
For twin-born ___ ___ ___ ___ ___,
evermore remote,
The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ on times past
feels chronic pain
For which no ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
serves as antidote. A. S.

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Green Cheese and Beyond

The Moon, or Selenology in Its Various Aspects
Nagel, 176 pp., $11

Reviewed by Isaac Asimov

This book is one of a series of otherwise earthbound guides for travelers, and it is a rather pleasant touch to add the moon to those various lands that have known the tourists' tread. To be sure, only 12 men have felt lunar soil beneath their feet, but the principle remains—our satellite has been visited. The publishers have deliberately chosen, however, not to make theirs a literal guide, and they have not concentrated on describing the various localities of our satellite as revealed by telescope, rocket, and man. Instead, they have performed the equally interesting task of giving a capsule history of man's thoughts about the moon, compressing much into little.

The book begins with primitive lunar mythology and, in the space of 50 pages, carries us up to the moon landing. In some ways, the first few pages fascinate most, for our sophisticated age forgets the importance of a moon that offered unsophisticated observers the best possible naked-eye object upon which to sharpen proto-astronomy.

The moon, for instance, was the first trinity, with each of its lit phases—first quarter, full, last quarter—representing a different aspect of the deity. Balding Emperor Tiberius always cut his hair at the time of the new moon, in the not-unreasonable hope that as the moon grew, so would his hair. (It didn't, of course—the hair, that is.) Anaxagoras, about 450 B.C., was the first man we know of to suggest that the moon was built of rocky material similar to that of the earth. For this and other impious notions, he was banished from Athens. And whereas I have long thought that Lucian of Samosata was the first individual we know by name to have written (in A.D. 150) a fictional tale of a trip to the moon, it turns out that Cicero himself, two centuries earlier, had written of a dream of the Roman general Scipio in which the sleeper traveled from Carthage to the moon and then to other worlds.

The drama fades with later years, as the history becomes one of detailing the mapmakers of the moon. There is, however, a brief mention of Hanns Hörbiger, who, about 1900, advanced the theory that the moon is a globe of ice, and that the stars themselves came into existence through a kind of cosmic war between huge volumes of glowing gas and equally huge volumes of ice. Hörbiger was the Velikovsky of his time, equally idolized, equally empty.

One flaw in the account is, perhaps, a less-than-inspired translation from the German, which occasionally comes up with *le mot unjuste*. For instance, Hörbiger's theories, however silly, were not "scurrilous." Also, it is unfair to refer to Eratosthenes's considerable cartographical achievements as mere "ambitions."

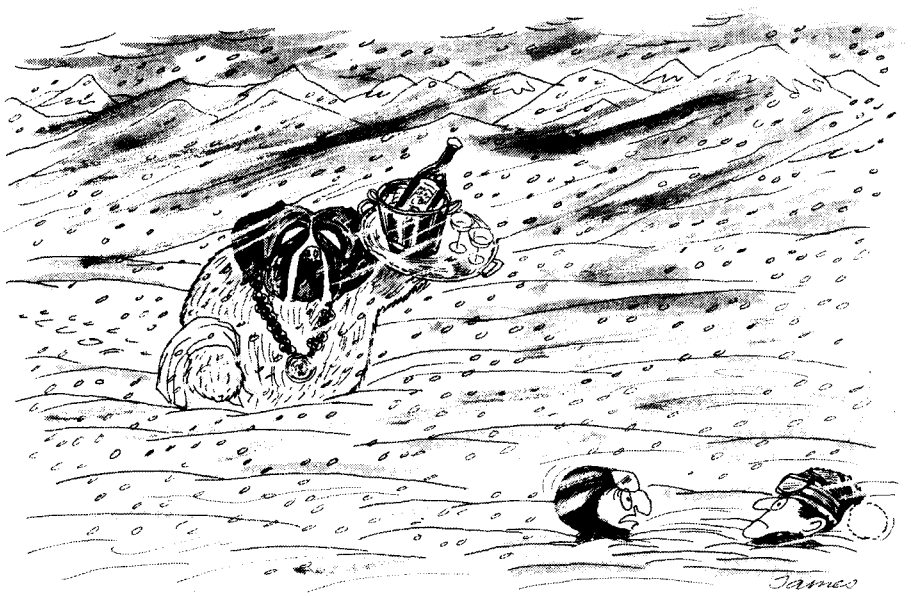
The longer portion of the book is made up of 107 illustrations, 7 of them colored, 4 of them foldouts. These represent a picture history of lunar knowledge such as I have never seen gathered together so compactly. There are illustrations of people and instruments, reproductions of book title pages and covers, and, best of all, dozens of maps of the moon as drawn by astronomers since the time of Galileo, three and a half centuries ago.

There is, for instance, a beautiful double map drawn in 1837 by J. H. Mädler. The original was more than 10 square feet in area but is reduced here, by necessity, to less than a tenth of that in a foldout. It is not a bad achievement for that early date, and it shows what can be done if a world is but close enough and airless enough. The book also quotes a satire by Mädler about a lunarite who visits the earth and records his horrified impressions—a very good example of science fiction for its time.

The chief omission in this section, it seems to me, is a foldout photograph of the other side of the moon. On the other hand, I can't quarrel with the choice of the last photograph. It's simple enough: just the close-up of a shoeprint on the lunar soil. Add to all this illustrative material a brief chronological table that includes everything mentioned in the historical section, and a completely adequate index, and we have a little book that is an excellent reference for its size.

It is not one, however, that will be very useful should we wish to visit the moon itself. It seems to me, in that connection, that Nagel Publishers ought to consider putting out a companion volume to be called, perhaps, *The Moon's Surface*, in which that surface is described for the benefit of the visiting earthman. Enough is known about the surface details, and enough photographs have been taken by rocket and astronaut, to make such a book feasible—and a notable first.

Since Nagel has managed to put out books entitled *Moscow and Its Environs* and *Leningrad and Its Environs*, and then, lest that be insufficient for your average Russophile, a book entitled *Moscow and Leningrad*—surely another book on the moon is not too much to ask for. □



"I've a feeling this is really going to cost us!"

Isaac Asimov has published, at last count, 172 books.

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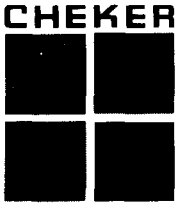
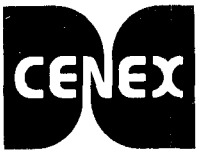
What a way to





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The World Is a Classroom

Public Education
by Lawrence A. Cremin
Basic Books, 100 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Fred M. Hechinger

John Dewey argued in 1897 that "education is the fundamental method of social progress and reform" and that "all reforms which rest simply upon the enactment of law, or the threatening of certain penalties, or upon changes in mechanical or outward arrangements are transitory and futile."

Depressing thoughts. How many contemporary reform efforts rest on anything more than the threat of penalties under recently enacted laws? How many reforms go beyond cosmetic reshuffling? Is the head count that follows the court-ordered "racial balance" in the schools only a "mechanical" (bus-induced) rearrangement and therefore transitory and futile? Or are there underlying goals —prophecies, Dewey called them—which relate to the just, harmonious, integrated society of tomorrow?

It should not be surprising that these troublesome questions were raised so long ago by John Dewey, the most troublesome of American philosophers. Now that the nonsense of political misinterpretation that dogged Dewey for so long has been laid to rest, it is possible to welcome him as the man for this season —to rediscover his once-revolutionary insistence that school and society must work in tandem.

Lawrence A. Cremin, who is today's leading interpreter of Dewey and whose earlier book, *The Transformation of the School*, remains the best analysis of the progressive-education movement, has chosen the right moment to return to Dewey for guidance. Support of education is at a dangerously low ebb. The schools are under attack—from the right for not teaching the basic skills and from the left for not accomplishing radical social goals. Uncertain whether they should concern themselves with humane and democratic values or with profitably marketable skills, the lower schools and the universities are academically and ideologically in disarray.

Fred M. Hechinger is assistant editor of the editorial page of The New York Times.

In *Public Education*, Cremin (who, as president of Teachers College, Columbia University, is all too familiar with the schools' identity crisis) addresses himself to the need for a new relationship between those two worlds of education—inside the classroom and throughout society. He persuasively pulls together the mounting evidence that far more education takes place outside the schools than in. He points not only to the obvious out-of-school educative forces—family, church, museums, libraries—but also to the less widely recognized ones—office, factory, the military. And, of course, there is the revolutionary impact of film, radio, television, and other media of mass communication.

Cremin is clearly right in charging that the level of public discussion of education in recent years has left much to be desired; it often concentrates on the trivial and is guided by "shoddy scholarship." But, like many of his colleagues in the educational establishment, he may have waited too long to take public issue

with the trendy sociological posturing of the Sixties; now, however, he unequivocally denounces the "grotesque assertion that the schools have somehow failed because they have not made Americans equal." It is useful indeed to have it from so authoritative a spokesman that "the real message of the [James] Coleman and [Christopher] Jencks studies of equal educational opportunity [is] not that the school is power*less* but that the family is power*ful*."

The main theme of Cremin's small volume, substantial parts of which are based on his 1975 John Dewey Society lecture, is that schools and teachers cannot be made more effective until they become aware of and begin to relate directly to all the other out-of-school educating forces which mold children's minds, values, and attitudes, and even teach

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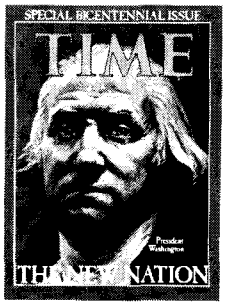

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INNER COMPANIONS. By Colman McCarthy, 272 pp., $8.95. Acropolis, 2400 17th St., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20009. In this miniature Great Books *Washington Post* columnist McCarthy reflects on the lives of over 40 inspiring thinkers.

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WEBSTER'S AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES, edited by Charles Van Doren, 1233 pages, $15.00. Merriam-Webster. Over 3,000 biographies of people who have made contributions to the American experience—Hank Aaron to Vladimir Zworykin.

THE CELEBRATION OF LIFE. By Norman Cousins, 84 pages, $4.95. Harper & Row. The implications of humanity's new adventures beyond the earth on contemporary philosophy.

them a myriad of skills. Nobody familiar with contemporary children could fail to share Cremin's apprehension: how can teachers who either despise or merely ignore television establish rapport with their pupils? How can they even guess what these children think and know?

Cremin wants the schools of education and the universities to recognize all of society's educative forces, to become aware of what he calls the "configurations of education." His idea that society is the school might be viewed as a refinement of Dewey's insistence that "the whole child goes to school."

Cremin's valid recognition of the schools' limitations and society's educative powers should not be confused with the "de-schooling" idiocy expounded by Ivan Illich. Cremin's prognosis, unlike that of the Marxist ex-priest, is not of the withering away of the school; it is, rather, of the greater integration of all educational forces. While this would make it harder for the schools to claim credit for every educational triumph, it would also —and this is far more important in their present state of siege—put an end to society's supreme cop-out of blaming the schools for all its ills.

The weakness of Cremin's thesis, at least in its present, sketchy form, is that it does not address itself pragmatically to the enormous educational task of counteracting the onslaught of so much that is cheap, degrading, and downright wrong in society's out-of-school teaching. Educationally powerful though they may be, not all the lessons taught in executive suites, on assembly lines, in union halls, in smoke-filled rooms, or through a variety of sponsors' messages are morally, ethically, or even pragmatically sound. Given the schools' vulnerability, who is to be the guardian of values in such a total curriculum? The loudest, most persuasive voices are not necessarily the most high-minded, rational, or factual.

The second question that at least calls for further clarification is how best to overcome the inequities which arise from the very fact that, as Cremin shows, so much is taught by the family and the rest of the educational configuration. The gap between poor and rich, disadvantaged and well-cared-for, is even greater in that societal classroom than it is in school.

The flaw is not in Cremin's or Dewey's view of school and society; it is, rather, in the long distance between a cogent reinterpretation of public education and the still-to-be-devised strategies for action. Simply to say that "the school of education must become directly concerned with all the roles, occupations, and professions that are involved with education" or that "universities should focus on education" is not enough. Cremin is eloquently aware of these institutions' inadequacies; he seems more optimistic than this reviewer about their capacity to change fast enough.

But Cremin is on firm ground when he warns that no significant changes will materialize "until we undertake anew a great public dialogue about education" and about the kind of society we want our children to live in. That dialogue has never been more disappointingly muted than at this moment. We could do worse than seek the advice of John Dewey on how to reopen it, and we are indebted to Lawrence Cremin for this timely reminder. □

New Books

Hamilton I (1757–1789)

by Robert Hendrickson
Mason/Charter, 800 pp., $19.95

Alexander Hamilton: A Concise Biography

by Broadus Mitchell
Oxford University Press, 384 pp., $12.95

Alexander Hamilton, according to his friend and fellow conservative Gouverneur Morris, "was of all men the most indiscreet." He knew that monarchy was anathema to Americans, but he "never failed on every occasion" to advocate it, and tolerated republican government only in the hope that a future war would trigger its replacement with a sterner system. Robert Hendrickson, a Republican lawyer and financial writer, and Broadus Mitchell, an economics professor and former consultant to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, agree that Hamilton still deserves high marks for laying the foundation of the modern industrialized welfare state. Hendrickson's sprightly narrative, the first installment of a massive two-volume life, goes too far with its brash claim that the Constitution owes more for its content and style to Hamilton than to any other framer. Mitchell's spare condensation of his own, authoritative two-volume biography awards Hamilton the conventional encomium for rescuing public credit and founding the Bank of the United States, although it concedes

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that Hamiltonian stability required the counterweight of Jeffersonian liberty. Apparently, Hamilton's policies are alive, whereas his philosophy is dead.

What, then, is left of his personal appeal? Handsome, brilliant, audacious, Hamilton seems a relief from the somber, prudent company of the Founding Fathers. As a college applicant, he stipulated that he be promoted at his own, accelerated pace. As a 22-year-old aide to Washington, he dressed down Saratoga victor Horatio Gates for laggard compliance with orders (Hendrickson and Mitchell uncritically accept the generally discredited story of the "Conway cabal" to replace Washington with Gates). As a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, he coolly proposed a President and Senate elected for life and state governors appointed by the federal government. As Secretary of the Treasury, he undercut the diplomatic missions of Gouverneur Morris and John Jay to London (Mitchell is apparently unaware of Morris's secret attempts to win concessions for America from an Anglo-Spanish war and minimizes Hamilton's clandestine negotiations with British Ambassador George Hammond). During the undeclared war with France in 1798, he schemed to lead an invading army into Latin America.

Women could not resist him, nor he them. Hendrickson argues persuasively that he slept with his sister-in-law, Angelica Church. Hamilton himself publicly confessed to a liaison with Maria Reynolds, a blackmailer's wife. Perhaps there was one-upmanship in his dislike of womanizer Aaron Burr. At Weehawken, on the west bank of the Hudson, with Burr's first bullet, Hamilton rose into the American romantic imagination.

MAX M. MINTZ

•

The Olympic Games: The First Thousand Years

by M. I. Finley and H. W. Pleket
Viking, 140 pp., $14.95

Although the Olympic Games existed —almost without interruption—for a millennium, there is relatively little solid information about them. What details have survived are included in this new volume on the Greeks and Romans' noblest pastime. Relatively free of corruption, the Olympics began as religious festivals, incorporated drama and music, and made victorious athletes into international heroes, subjects worthy of the finest artists, and very wealthy men. Con-

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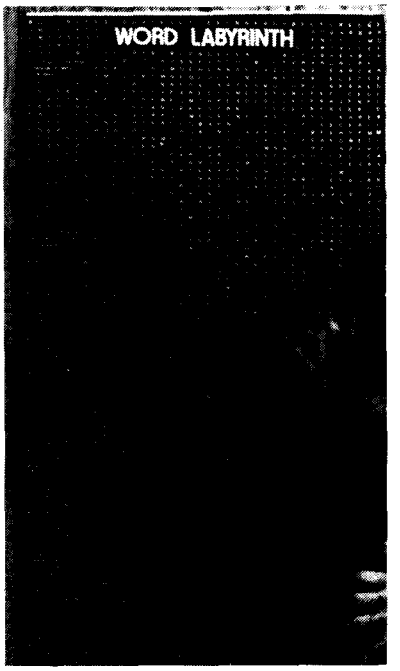

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tenders in boxing, wrestling, and the no-holds-barred pancratium were known more for their brutality than for their sporting finesse.

The authors, both noted historians, are apparently slumming a bit for the lay reader. This book looks like a quickie. Nevertheless, it is full of wonderful anecdotes about sore-losing athletes—like the boxer in A.D. 93 who arrived too late for his bout and proceeded to punch the winner in the mouth. Women were denied access to the Olympics, non-professionals were called *idiotai,* competitors refrained from sex (including pederasty) during training, and the emperor Nero—not unexpectedly—won every event he entered.

Such a spirited subject should have had a better graphic layout; the color photographs of Greek vases are instructive, but the black-and-white plates look positively antique. Yet, like beer and old sweaters, this is a fine companion for watching the proceedings in Montreal this summer.

JOHN F. MARIANI

•

Selected Poems

by Robert Lowell
Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 288 pp., $12.50

It is fitting that this collection of more than 200 poems from eight of Robert Lowell's volumes of verse (up to and including *The Dolphin*) should be published in the year of our Bicentennial. No other American poet—at least no living American poet—possesses a greater sense of this country's spotted past. Battlefields, wars, war heroes (and villains), poverty/wealth, and "graveyards, graveyards, graveyards"—these are the focal elements around which Lowell weaves his work. What gives it body, however, is the poet's ability not only to rise to the public occasion but to bring to it his own persona, that burdened yet passionate "self."

Lowell's spiritual progression, or movement, from Roman Catholicism to general Christian piety to a kind of agnostic existentialism, is what shapes the body of his verse. Thus the formal and monastic tone of *Land of Unlikeness* (1944) and *Lord Weary's Castle* (1946) gives way to the bold, trochaic wail of *Life Studies* (1959), where "Crows maunder on the petrified fairway/ Absence! My heart grows tense/ as though a harpoon were sparring for the kill./ (This is the house for the 'mentally ill.')"

In this poem and in later ones the poet confesses more about himself than the reader needs or really wants to know. But the craftsmanship is as keen as a cutting edge. There is an up-and-doing here, a striving, even a frenzy mingling with frustration, despair, fear. Taken as a single unit, these poems are a record of "the process"—they capture the essence and quality of life "alive."

C. DAVID HEYMANN

•

The 400 Eels of Sigmund Freud

by A. G. Mojtabai
Simon & Schuster, 258 pp., $7.95

A. G. Mojtabai's second novel is set in Four Winds, a summer biology research institute for talented high-schoolers. Though founded in a utopian spirit, Four Winds proves to be a repressive, bigoted house of detention where shrill acolytes of reason strive to amputate non-rational tendencies from the minds of their charges. One violin-playing boy, however, stands up to the Four Winds ethos. His resistance awakens inner conflicts in the other characters—all the conflicts they had sought to escape by embracing the rationalistic gospel—and inevitably tensions reach an explosive pitch.

The action itself is not especially absorbing. Mojtabai chooses to report it through the eyes of several characters, many of them suffering from desiccated scientific sensibilities, and their accounts often lack narrative force. In a sense, this is Mojtabai's point, but it does loosen the novel's grip on the reader's attention. Fortunately, what *400 Eels* loses on the narrative level it recoups on the thematic. Though the necessity for passion and subjectivity is not the revolutionary notion today that it might have been in the Fifties (when the story apparently takes piace), the author's evident commitment to this perception shines through, keeping the whole book argumentative and lively.

JACK B. GOHN

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Epithalamium

Richard Wilbur is surely one of our half-dozen best poets, and he has been honored to that effect by both a Pulitzer and a National Book Award. On June 15, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich will publish his eighth book of poetry, *The Mind Reader: New Poems*, at $6.95. The poems, most of which are too long to reproduce here, are written with wit and technical mastery; here is a neat epithalamium on the marriage of his son, "A Wedding Toast":

St. John tells how, at Cana's wedding-feast,
The water-pots poured wine in such amount
That by his sober count
There were a hundred gallons at the least.

It made no earthly sense, unless to show
How whatsoever love elects to bless
Brims to a sweet excess
That can without depletion overflow.

Which is to say that what love sees is true;
That the world's fullness is not made but found.
Life hungers to abound
And pour its plenty out for such as you.

Now, if your loves will lend an ear to mine,
I toast you both, good son and dear new daughter.
May you not lack for water,
And may that water smack of Cana's wine.

Four Sons

It isn't often that the son of a great writer takes up the same line of work, but all four of Ring Lardner's sons became writers. And good ones. This is the theme of *The Lardners: Remembering My Family*, by Ring Lardner, Jr. (Harper & Row, June 16, $12.50). I had the honor of knowing, at separate periods, his son John and John's daughter Susan—and butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. They were silent Lardners, as well as writin' Lardners. But the occasional mumbled words were worth waiting for.

Ring, the great humorist, dominates the book. He was born of a well-to-do family: "I have known what it was like to be hungry," he told an interviewer, "but I always went right to a restaurant." It has been a family struck by tragedy: David killed in the Spanish Civil War, Jim in World War II. And John—the most talented—died at the comparatively young age of 48. Ring, Jr., did a stretch in prison for defying the Un-American Activities Committee. An interesting sociological sidelight: the book is dedicated to the current two generations of Lardner offspring. The children of the first generation are named Peter, Susan, Mary Jane, Katie, John, Joe, and Jim. Their children are named Tippie, Dion, Eric, Carlo, David, Ellis, Caleb, and Simeon.

More Satisfying Than a Novel

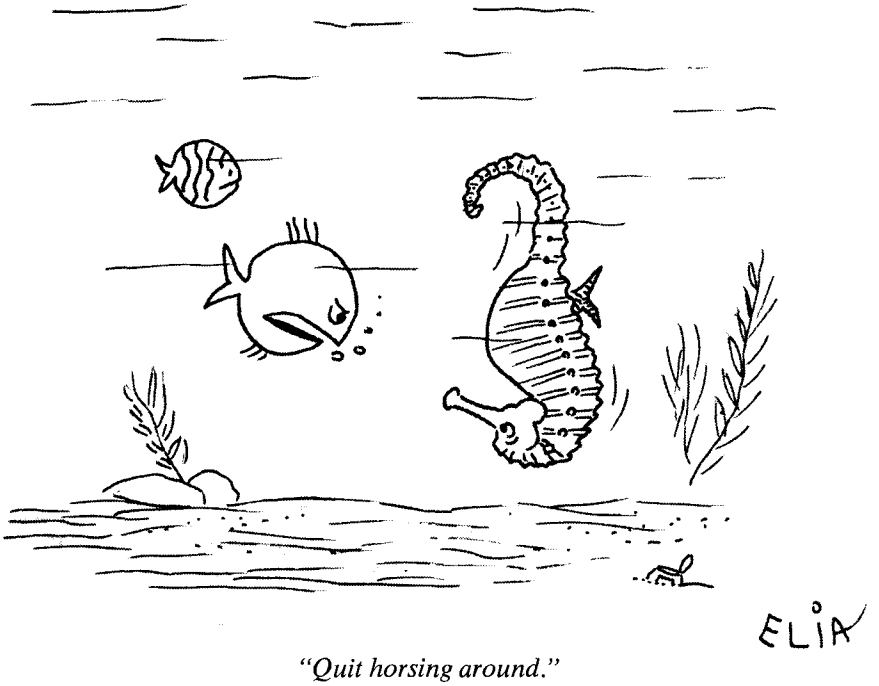
To wallow in a good autobiography is one of the great pleasures, one that I share with Virginia Woolf, who said to William Plomer that almost any autobiography is more satisfying than a novel. Take *The Autobiography of William Plomer* (Taplinger, just published, $20)—a long, most satisfying book. Plomer (pronounced Plumer) was born of English parents in South Africa in 1903, and divided his growing up between that country and England, then spent two important, formative years in Japan, where he recalls a bull session with Japanese friends in which they discussed the nature of happiness:

> Talking on into the night, we would agree that happiness might consist in belonging to a community confident of its identity; in feeling respect for that community and being respected by it; in doing the work, both of hands and head, for which one was most fitted, and yet having enough leisure; in being neither rich nor poor to the point of annoyance; in being free from envy and spite; in having good health, being happily married, and feeling confidence in the future of one's children; in the consciousness of loving and being loved; and in being able to enjoy some variety and surprise. We agreed that nobody could expect so much, and that happiness is likely to be partial and intermittent—so we passed round the *sake* bottle and sent for more, growing mellow and bland, and gathering rosebuds while we might.

Plomer, who died in England in 1973 after a long and distinguished career as a poet and novelist, writes interestingly about T. S. Eliot, Hugh Walpole, Lady Ottoline Morrell, and J. R. Ackerley, and about his discovery and editing of the work of that great diarist Francis Kilvert.

Maybe He *Should* Be Stiller

One of Max Frisch's wives said to him, "I have not been living with you to provide literary material. I forbid you to write about me." It's a pity the young woman he writes about in *Montauk* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, a Helen and Kurt Wolff Book, just published, $7.95) hadn't laid down the same dictum. The book is the story of an affair he—a Swiss author in his 60s (*I'm Not Stiller, Andorra*)—had two years ago in New York with a 30-year-old publicist. Anyone in book publishing can easily figure the woman's identity. But does a gentleman kiss and tell? Even these days? Even an artist? Ah, well, the Swiss, they were always a wild bunch. The translator, Geoffrey Skelton, must have had to keep on his toes, since Frisch shifts abruptly from first to third person, from the present to the past, and from America to Europe, very much like some kind of experimental writer. □



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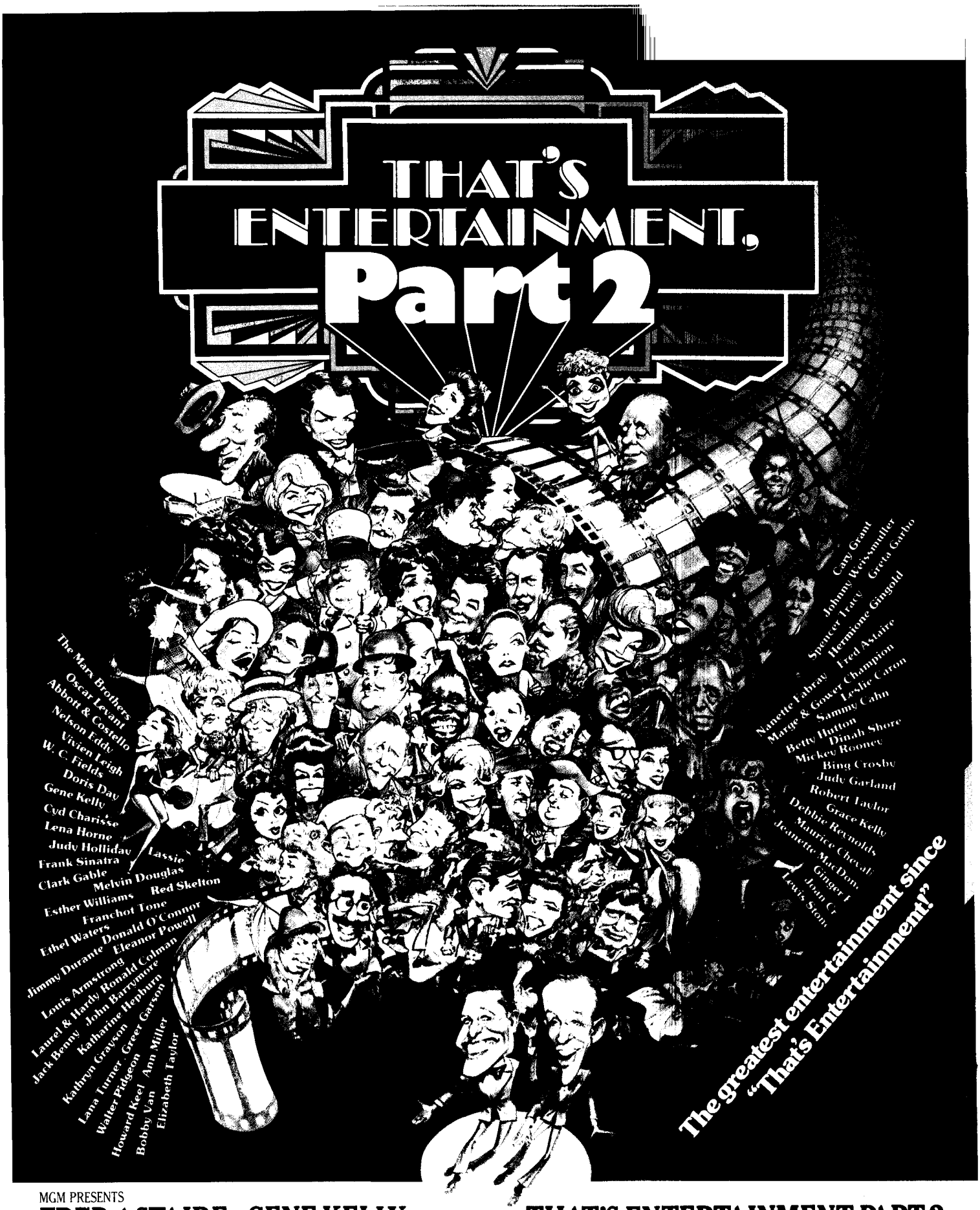

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artsletter

TAX HAVEN. Seven years ago the Irish government created a unique tax haven for resident writers, painters, sculptors, and composers. A law went on the statute books exempting their earnings from all income tax. To qualify, an applicant merely had to convince the authorities that his work was of "cultural merit." Inasmuch as taking up residence in Ireland's sparsely populated land is a relatively easy matter, it was expected that thousands of artistic immigrants would invade the country to make a new life there in tax-free splendor.

It hasn't really worked out that way. There have been only 789 applications for tax exemption so far, and many of these have come from writers and artists long resident in Ireland. Not all the applicants have been approved; in fact, 215 are still under consideration. Of the 574 who have been granted tax exemption, 68 percent are writers, 23 percent painters, 6 percent sculptors, and 3 percent composers.

Those writers and artists who have moved to Ireland for tax reasons are chiefly refugees from Britain's rapacious Inland Revenue. They include J. P. Donleavy (whose novel "The Ginger Man" is banned in Ireland), Frederick Forsyth ("The Day of the Jackal"), Gordon Thomas ("Earthquake"), Malcolm Macdonald ("World From Rough Stones"), and P. L. Travers ("Mary Poppins"). Like most countries the world over, Britain imposes tax on the basis of residence rather than nationality. Thus, an English writer resident in Ireland pays no tax on his English earnings.

The United States is odd man out here, in that it taxes its citizens on their worldwide income no matter where they live. For this reason, Ireland is no tax haven for American writers. Despite this, the novelist Richard Condon has settled there, not to save on taxes but because "Ireland is empty, serene, quiet, and the writer has the status of a priest."

RETIREMENTS AND REPLACEMENTS. Sir John Pope-Hennessy--known as "The Pope" in Britain's art world--has made the surprising decision to retire as director of the British Museum at the end of the year. Surprising because he took on the job less than two years ago, after a much-acclaimed tour of duty as head of the Victoria and Albert Museum. "I shall be sixty-three this year," he says, "and have had ten years in charge of major museums, so really enough is enough. I am simply not an administrator, and I hope you can expect some more books." Despite disclaimers that "there has been no row, no dispute," it is rumored that Pope-Hennessy found the semi-autonomous departmental fiefdoms at the British Museum too resistant to change. There is talk of his coming to Harvard for at least part of each academic year. No announcement has been made of his successor, but Jean Sutherland Boggs--director of the National Gallery of Ottawa--is said to be high on the list of candidates. . . . Another British retiree is Harold Hobson, who steps down as drama critic of the "Sunday Times" in August after a long career with that paper, first as assistant to the great James Agate, then as his successor in 1947. Again, no replacement has been named. Despite rumors, it will not be Kenneth Tynan--onetime enfant terrible, now éminence grise--who plans to settle down in America to do a series of roving-reporter assignments for "The New Yorker." . . . Pierre Boulez will retire as music director of the New York Philharmonic next May. Zubin Mehta, music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic since 1962, has been named his successor, beginning with the 1978-79 season. Between Boulez's departure and Mehta's arrival, there will be an interim season of guest conductors in New York.

ROLAND GELATT

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NSLA News

NSLA-RICHMOND COLLEGE CONFERENCE ON TEACHING THE ARTS. The first items now being cut from school budgets across the country are for teaching the arts--just at the time when interest in the arts is at its height and enrollment in arts courses of all kinds is increasing faster than it is in any other field.

This was the central theme of a recent conference sponsored by the NSLA and Richmond College, Staten Island, N.Y., in the first of what the Society hopes will be a series of conferences to be held by concerned teachers, students, and community groups in the schools and colleges of the country.

The Richmond conference was attended by a large and an enthusiastic audience of teachers and students from the community colleges and senior institutions of New York City who took part in two thoroughgoing panel discussions. The first panel, whose chairman was Harold Taylor, an active member of the Society's board of governors, dealt with painting, sculpture, and art education in general; the second panel, with filmmaking and film study as a liberal art.

For some students, said Frederic Thursz, of Kingsborough Community College, the practice of the arts themselves is the best way of beginning a college education, especially for those whose verbal skills have not yet been developed.

Panelist Patricia Passlof, of Richmond, and Mr. Thursz concurred that artists were troublesome to administrators, since they seldom agreed with anyone else about education and were hard to classify as to the results they achieved with their students. "Why should we apologize for being artists?" asked a panel member. "Do English and science teachers have to justify themselves? The justification of art in the schools and colleges is in the liberation of the talent that lies in everyone."

Theodore Gross, dean of humanities at City College, declared that the main obstacle to full development of the arts in the curriculum lay in the ignorance of administrators about the arts themselves and the lack in their own education of direct knowledge of artistic experience. Stanley Kauffmann, film and theater critic for "The New Republic" and Distinguished Professor at York College, City University, felt that it was not so much an ideological bias against art as it was a financial problem in which it was easier to cut out the arts than to cut out what are called the "basic skills."

The members of the film panel, led by Gerald Mast, eminent film historian and chairman of film studies at Richmond College, pointed out that learning to see was as basic a skill as learning to read and write and that, through filmmaking and film study, the student raises the level of his critical awareness of ideas and experiences that otherwise would never come to his attention.

As a major result of the conference, plans are now under way for joint action by teachers and students from the public schools and the colleges of New York City to enlist support on behalf of the arts in the entire educational system of the city. Society members interested in organizing similar conferences in their own communities should write to the NSLA at the address below.

National Society of Literature and the Arts, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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PAUL SIMON
Survivor From the Sixties

by Bruce Pollock

The Sixties was a time during which my generation regarded its songwriters as previous generations had viewed Pound and Eliot, Fitzgerald and Hemingway. We attended concerts as if they were poetry readings, looking for passion and commitment; we devoured the latest albums like epic novels, finding in them direction and identity. To the exclusion of nearly every other form, the sung word provided the generation with its most potent art, its most enduring fantasies.

The songwriters who produced these works were not only artists and leaders but peers of our realm; all of their consciousnesses had been raised in the frantic heyday of our mutual burning adolescence. At every turning point of the Sixties, we found—in the words of our sundry street-corner poets—a path to follow, a code to live by. That our poets spoke for us proved beyond a doubt there *was* an us. It made the world more bearable.

While Bob Dylan stands as the central figure, the one who woke this sleeping giant of a generation determined not to go silent, none of the other poet laureates of the era addressed himself to all of us middle-class cowboys as directly as Paul Simon. We were the ones who rode through the Sixties on Schwinns rather than Harleys, who dropped out, grew our hair, then cut it again (and are now losing it), moved through dope and the draft, into and out of "meaningful relationships," while at the same time proving too brainy (or repressed) to follow the freak-out route of the kids in San Francisco.

Bruce Pollock is the author of In Their Own Words: Popular Song Writing 1955–1974 *and a forthcoming novel,* Maiden Voyage.

Dylan and Simon, of course, were not the only pop poets to gain prominence in the mid-to-late Sixties. Working the same side of the street were John Lennon and Paul McCartney, Laura Nyro, and, later on, Joni Mitchell. Just down the block were lesser laureates like John Sebastian, Tim Hardin, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Pat Sky, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and Eric Andersen. But Simon, like Lennon and McCartney and Sebastian, used the three-minute form of the single to its full potential, and thus—through AM radio—reached a far wider audience than many of his more prolix contemporaries who depended on the long-play format.

Paul Simon's recording career began in the late Fifties when he and partner Art Garfunkel had a hefty New York hit called "Hey Schoolgirl," which managed to nudge its way onto the national charts while the two were still in high school. In 1965, after a hiatus for college, the duo were back in action with "The Sounds of Silence," a song that helped to usher in the age of folk/rock.

On the eve of a recent benefit concert in Madison Square Garden for the New York Public Library, Simon recalled those beginnings. "What separated us from the rest of the folkies, and a fact that was completely ignored, was that we had had experience in the recording studio. I had been writing rock-'n'-roll songs since the age of 15—they were all flops, but we knew about the studio, we knew about sounds, textures, voices, overdubbing. We really came out of the rock 'n' roll of the Fifties, although the music we were singing was the folk/rock of the early Sixties. But I think that's why we had the hits."

From "Homeward Bound" to "Dangling Conversations" to "Mrs. Robinson," Simon's songs mirrored the alienation, malaise, and despair of the era, but did so melodiously, with a good beat, so you could dance to them. Meanwhile, on the streets, the dancing turned to fighting as the decade churned toward its climax. "Actually," Simon admitted, "I wasn't involved in anything at the time, I was just by myself. I was crazy most of the time, high, and relatively depressed throughout those years—quite alone. I lived on the East Side, by the river, uptown. So even where I lived was not connected to anything—it was largely unaffected by the youth culture."

After the election of 1968 there seemed to be a general dimming of the creative lights on the part of our principal songwriter/poets. The blackout took shape in these grim tableaux:

- Simon in 1970 abdicated his seat atop the singles empire he had built with Garfunkel to seek a singular identity. He got married and settled down, withdrawing as 30 approached.
- Dylan, after the explosive, tortured heights of *Blond on Blond* (1968), suffered a nearly fatal motorcycle accident and emerged from it a country singer, his caustic edge and poetry gone, praising the simple virtues of family and religion in a succession of banal works.
- Laura Nyro, the candy-store madonna

Garfunkel, Simon in the Sixties—"Frantic heyday of our adolescence."

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and battered child of pop, was creatively stilled after the extremes of *Christmas & the Beads of Sweat* (1970). She released a collection of old rhythm-and-blues tunes in 1971 before escaping to an austere life with her husband deep in the woods of Massachusetts.

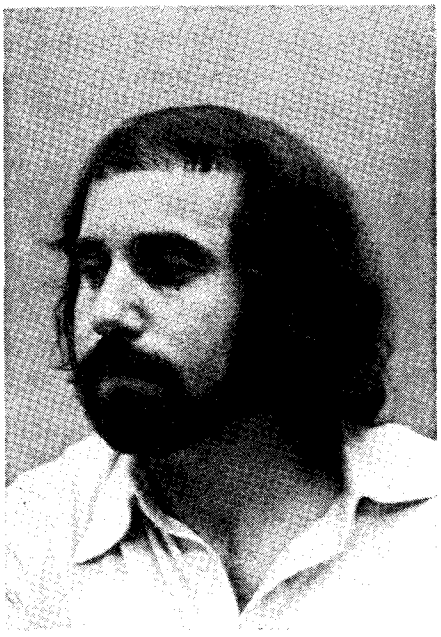
• Joni Mitchell seemed to hit a simultaneous artistic top and personal bottom with the trenchant and evocative *Blue* (1971), and disappeared into seclusion for several years after it, releasing during the interim only the melancholy and self-critical *For the Roses*.

There was the passing of Jim Morrison and Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, all before they'd truly realized their potential, and the schizophrenic crack-up of the Beatles into four separate nonentities, so soon after the glory that was *Sergeant Pepper*. Sebastian, Hardin, Ochs, Andersen, Tim Buckley, Buffy Sainte-Marie, were all stifled on the brink of major works—voices from our past that seemingly could not break through into the present. With the deteriorating politics and depleted economy of the Seventies full upon us, the dissipation of these inspirational figures could only bode ill for the creative future of the generation. Many among us packed up our old records and traded in our stereos for color TV sets.

"My feeling is it bottomed out about 1971," said Simon. "People were so angry by 1971 that the ones who still had their wits about them and had talent and had enough energy and drive to do something, started working. Don't forget, involved in that hippie ethic was a very strong anti-work thing. It was all 'Get out there and do it, feel it, just let it happen.'

"For me the significant change, as far as songwriting goes, was around 1969, after I wrote 'The Boxer.' At that point I stopped smoking grass, and I never went back. I told a friend of mine, a really fine musician, that I had a writer's block. And he said, 'When are you going to stop playing this folkie stuff, all the time the same G-to-C chord? You could be a really good songwriter, but you don't know enough, you don't have enough tools. Forget about having hits; go learn your ax.' So I started to study guitar, classical guitar, and I started to study theory. I began listening to other kinds of music—gospel, Jamaican ska, Antonio Carlos Jobim. Gospel music was very easy for me to feel at home with because it sounded like the rock 'n' roll of the early Fifties which I grew up with.

" 'Bridge Over Troubled Waters' was a gospel-influenced song. Paradoxically, it was the end of Simon and Garfunkel, but it was our most intense success. As the relationship was disintegrating the album was selling 10 million copies. And by the time I decided I'm going to go out on my own, you can imagine how difficult it was telling the record company there's not going to be any follow-up to this album that sold 10 million. But for me it really saved my ass, because I don't think we could have followed it up. And it allowed me to just naturally drop down a couple of rungs on the ladder, because there was less attention. I could go and learn what I had to learn again about writing and singing and making records. It was like stepping back into the shadows for a while. It was good; it gave me a chance to think."



Alfieri

Paul Simon today—"Mature perspective."

THE YEARS IN THE SHADOWS have been fruitful ones for Simon. Combining further study with a less frenetic performing pace, he's produced three fine albums—*Paul Simon* (1971), *There Goes Rhymin' Simon* (1973), and *Still Crazy After All These Years* (1975)—each one revealing a variety of influences, each one musically rich as well as emotionally complex. In the meantime, his miraculously consistent singles output has continued virtually unabated. From "Kodachrome" to "Mother and Child Reunion" to "American Tune" to "My Little Town" to "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover," Simon tells us as much as we need to know about the 10 years he's been out there on the edges of his sensibility. Not only is he producing songs of quality, but he's reminding us who we are, as he sadly reflects on the past, slyly flirts with affairs, and fears (but secretly hopes) he might still someday let go.

"I write about the past a lot," he said, "my childhood and—the last couple of years—my marriage. Not intentionally, though. I didn't set out to write about the disintegration of a marriage. It's just that that's what was happening at the time. I guess I have an easier time expressing myself in a song than in real life. It's a structure that works for me. I can say things in a song that I would never say otherwise. It's a way of telling the truth—but again, not intentionally. It just turns out that way.

"Most of the time, though, what I'm writing is about music, not about lyrics, and critics pay scant attention to the music. I mean, if you're saying something with music *and* words—if you're saying one thing with words and the opposite with music and you're creating a sense of irony . . . that's lost. Or if the idea of the song is a musical idea, how to write a song in 7/4 time and make it feel natural, let's say . . . it's beyond them. I never heard anybody say, 'Now, that was a clever way of doing 7/4 time.' Instead, most critics are basically analyzing words—it's English Lit all over again."

Like the rest of us, Paul Simon has finally passed through adolescence, long considered a terminal condition not only of rock 'n' roll but also of the generation that came to majority in the Sixties. That generation became hooked on rock music as a way of receiving its essential data. And today these same listeners, older and somewhat wiser, continue to respond to Simon and to those other artists who have arrived at a more mature perspective and are able to mirror in their works something beyond pop platitudes.

For Simon's ability to survive the hectic Sixties and grow up in the Seventies has been mirrored by the era's other major song/poets as well. Bob Dylan ended his long siege of passivity in 1974, regaining his voice in a couple of momentous cross-country tours. His latest albums, *Blood on the Tracks* (1974) and *Desire* (1976), have the feel, if not all of the poetry, of his early raging creations. Joni Mitchell came back to the stage in

(Continued on page 59)

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TURNTABLES
The Direct Approach

by Ivan Berger

Turntables are growing less and less mechanical and more electronic. Look underneath most turntables and you'll often see a Piranesi-like mechanism of motors, shafts, pulleys, belts, wheels. Look under some of the latest units, though, and all you may see is a motor, plus perhaps a circuit board or two. And that simplicity is the result of a true revolution in turntable design.

Until now, the standard approach was to use a motor turning at a fairly high speed (usually 1,800 rpm) in order to get accuracy and stability, then to gear its speed down with belts or idler wheels to 33⅓, 45, or 78 rpm. The latest approach is to use a motor that turns exactly at the record's speed and have it drive the turntable directly. The turntable spindle, in the new design, becomes an extension of the motor's shaft, and all other moving parts are totally eliminated.

In theory, this approach has always been available. But a turntable's speed must be accurately controlled: the slower the motor turns, the less precisely it will operate. As speed goes up, the number of power impulses and the momentum of the motor go up, too. Both help maintain speed accuracy.

What maintains that accuracy in direct-drive turntables is a sensing device that keeps reading any fluctuation in the motor's speed. The sensor can be optical, magnetic, or electrical. In any case, it and its associated electronic circuits can sense speed variations and correct them long before they can become audible—"in milliseconds," says the brochure for one Philips turntable with such a device, called a "servomotor."

But the servomotor's advantages are by no means restricted to direct drive (in fact, that Philips turntable is belt-driven). Because servo-regulation works independently of the power line's frequency and voltage, it can maintain speed accuracy when those characteristics vary. Even a shift from Europe's 50-Hz current to America's 60-Hz won't vary its speed.

But while maintaining speed more precisely, servocontrol also makes speed easier to change. Shifting from 33 to 45 rpm (or varying speed by a few rpm to adjust pitch) is a matter of switching between a few circuit components, not of moving shafts or of shifting belts from one pulley to another. Again, that means fewer moving parts to wear, fewer parts whose imprecision can cause minute speed variations or vibrations. And running the motor at a slower speed means that the vibrations it does cause are lower in both amplitude and frequency, and thus are less likely to be heard.

Sony takes this all a step further in its $900 PS-8750. This turntable's speed-control circuit incorporates a stable quartz frequency standard, whose output is compared with the speed sensor's output by fast-acting phase-lock circuitry. This compensates, Sony claims, for even the minute speed variations caused by note-by-note variations in the record's friction against the stylus.

Electronic speed control also allows for easy electronic speed monitoring. The $1,875 Gale turntable has a digital speed readout; one Toshiba model has lights that indicate whether speed is low, high, or precisely right; and the Netronics turntable kit ($104.50 without arm, $164.50 with) has a meter that shows precisely how fast or how slow you've set the table's pitch control.

ADC has just introduced the first in a series of direct-drive turntables that can automatically play any track or tracks within a record, in any desired order, at a push-button command. (The turntable itself is spring-isolated from its push-button control panel.) An LED (light-emitting diode) in its tone-arm shell projects an infrared beam onto the record; the record's grooves just scatter the beam, but the smooth areas between bands reflect it back to an infrared sensor near the LED. As the tone arm moves across the record, counting circuits tell how many bands it's passed; when the arm reaches the band that's been selected, it pauses briefly, gauging the record's minute eccentricities so it will know when to set down to be sure of landing just before the track begins. Since it's all electronic, it can be remotely controlled, too.

The ultimate, of course, would be to trace the record's grooves by frictionless, all-electronic means. It's not too likely a prospect for our present records, which were designed to be traced physically. But some in the electronics field are casting glances at the new video-disc technologies and speculating about what would happen if those same ideas were also applied to audio. Even that's not too likely, though, until video-disc players become as common in homes as audio tape players are today. □

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PORGY
Complete and Incomplete

by Irving Kolodin

What must the hundreds of thousands who have treasured their Columbia (now Odyssey 32 36 0018) recording of *Porgy and Bess* since it was issued on six sides in August 1951 think of the advertisements that herald London's just-issued set? The latter is billed as "The World Premiere Complete Recording." But the old version, directed by Lehman Engel (now "electronically rechanneled for stereo"), bears clearly on the cover the word *complete*. How "complete" is *complete*?

The issue turns on whether one is speaking dictionarily or phonographically. My *Oxford Concise* defines *complete* as "having all its parts, entire: finished." The lexicon of recording usage shaves this slightly to make a custom of *excluding* such modifiers as *nearly, almost*, or *substantially* from *complete*. In the instance of the Heywards and Gershwins' *Porgy and Bess*, "complete as commonly performed" might have been closer to the truth. A recent check discloses the omission from the Columbia-Odyssey version of 140 or so pages from the piano-vocal score, which totals 559. Relatively few of these cuts pertain to the drenching tunefulness for which the score has been famous since 1935: the eliminations are largely from ensembles, concerted scenes, or repetitions.

One exception, however, is the stretch of a dozen pages for piano at the curtain rise on Act I, titled "Jazzbo Brown Blues." A hypnotically atmospheric introduction to Catfish Row, it enables the viewer or the record listener to adjust himself to the surroundings *before* Clara gives forth, in one of the most magnetic opening vocal moments in stage history, with "Summertime." The London recording, directed by Lorin Maazel and performed with the Cleveland Orchestra, gets off to a good start with all of "Jazzbo Brown Blues," with Joela Jones as the pianist. It thus eases us into the onset of "Summertime," rather than arriving at it even more breathlessly than the Gershwins did. Here it is, in all the fastidious precision of which Maazel is capable, sung in the sweet, young voice of Barbara Hendricks.

However, the same check of the Lehman Engel–directed version that established the extent of its omissions also clarified the greater extent of its inclusions. Very high on the list, of an importance equivalent to the casting of Camilla Williams as Bess and Lawrence Winters as Porgy, was the presence, as producer, of Goddard Lieberson. When the release was first reviewed in *Saturday Review* (September 29, 1951), the article was headed "Charleston Revisited." That was Lieberson's prime accomplishment: to give us a sense of place, of time, of locale, not merely south of the Mason-Dixon line but a specific part of a particular city. Fisherfolk, men who hooked cotton for a livelihood, a junkie, a crippled beggar—Catfish Row was their Rialto, and Lieberson made them, if not visible, viable.

He had, to be sure, a source of authenticity hard to come by 25 years later: a Porgy, in Lawrence Winters, who had perhaps the most beautiful singing voice of the role's interpreters to date (meaning Todd Duncan and William Warfield, each of whom had special virtues of his own); a Bess, in Camilla Williams, who was that rarest of rarities, a cultivated singer who could dirty up her sound without sacrificing its underlying beauty; and a nuclear group of supporting performers who had many years of playing their roles onstage.

Of all conductors not of Broadway background, Maazel has the best blend of attributes to make a musical success of London's venture. He has some stiff movements in Act I, when his treatment of the crapshooting scene that ends in the death of Robbins is more metronomical than the nature of the material suggests, and the choral singing *could* bear more of an improvisatory character. But when the blood and pulse at the heart of the score are engaged—which is to say, a sequence between pages 190 and 300, into which are crowded "It Take a Long Pull to Get There," "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'," "Buzzard Song," "Bess, You Is My Woman," "Oh, I Can't Sit Down," "I Ain't Got No Shame" (omitted from the Odyssey version), and "It Ain't Necessarily So"—he responds with an orchestra command and a suitable sense of vocal values that have made him one of the day's prime operatic conductors.

What he could not provide, however, is the kind of instant indoctrination into character portrayal and stylistic feeling that would have given this performance rank with its predecessor. One concert performance at Blossom, the Cleveland Orchestra's summer home, made a recording economically possible (costs, we hear, have already been met through an initial sale of more than 20,000 sets); but it didn't ease the post-conservatory conformity in the sound of key members of the cast. This recording may be memorable as the beginning of a notable career for Willard White, who was, not too many months ago, being heard as Marcello in a *La Bohème* by the American Opera Center's personnel in the Juilliard Theater. He is not, however, a first-rank Porgy yet.

Like too many of his associates (McHenry Boatwright as Crown, Arthur Thompson as Jake, Florence Quivar as Serena, Barbara Conrad as Maria, and François Clemmons as Sporting Life), White has little relationship in fact to the blacks of Catfish Row and insufficient command of theatrical art to simulate it. Leona Mitchell, a youthful soprano with a voice of quality, comes closer to the mark as Bess, but only relatively.

In the circumstances, then, the virtue of "complete" is of greater interest to the literal-minded than to those in quest of a new, robust, beautiful-sounding, authentic *Porgy*. London's issue enables us to do something that the Columbia-Odyssey doesn't: to measure precisely Gershwin's success in achieving what he set out to do. It makes a congruent whole, for better or for worse, of what is, in the Columbia-Odyssey treatment, a sequence of glorious songs and ensembles connected by a tissue of drama. There is no possible comparison between the original, thin sound of the older set as rechanneled (none too successfully) for stereo, and the radiant richness of London's product.

In the match of *Porgy* complete and *Porgy* incomplete, some consideration should be given to the importance of soul and spirit, as well as measures and pages. The Lieberson-produced recording is assured of perpetual life (if only on library shelves) because it renders unto Gershwin what is inimitably a portrait—head and shoulders, perhaps, not full length. The London product, complete in one sense, incomplete in another, lacks the true-to-life detail to make it proof against the challenge of the next, better-sounding, veritable version. □

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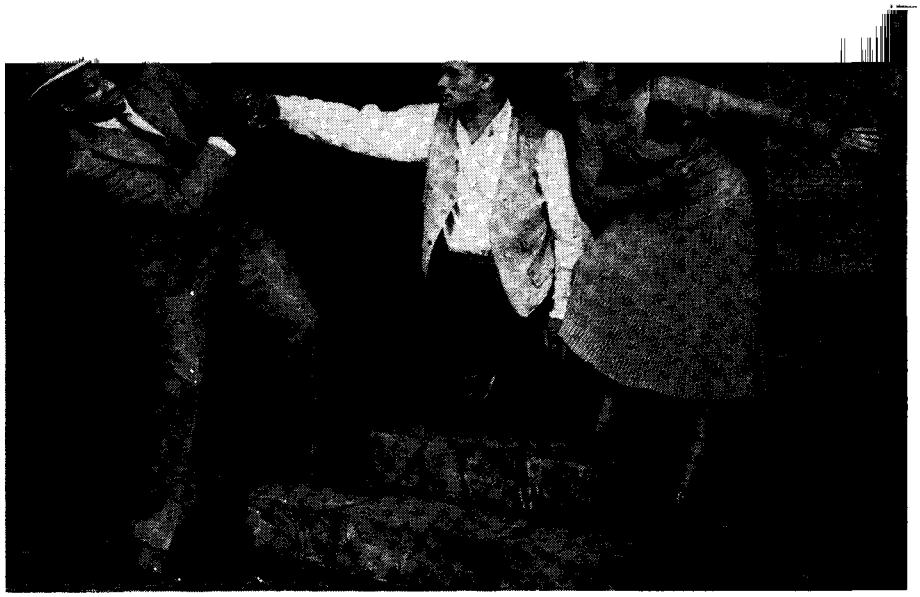

Photographs: top clockwise—from left
Culver, London Records photo by Peter Hastings,
SR File, Culver, USIS Staff photo Vienna

In the photo above, the original (1935) Porgy (Todd Duncan, center) and Bess (Anne Brown, right) tussle with Sporting Life (John W. Bubbles). Below: Leontyne Price in her first professional leading role as Bess (1951) with William Warfield (Porgy) in the Robert Breen–Blevins Davis production, which eventually went to the U.S.S.R. Continuing counterclockwise, we have Sidney Poitier and Dorothy Dandridge as the principals of the 1959 Columbia Pictures film, for which there was a separate singing cast. Above that are their counterparts in the 1951 Columbia-Odyssey recording: Camilla Williams and Lawrence Winters. Finally, at top right, the Bess of the new London recording: Leona Mitchell.

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The Movies

by Judith Crist

A Duel of Giants

The "package deal" so dear to the heart of an agent more often than not leaves the public with pretty wrappings and a booby prize. But this time the most promisingly packaged deal of them all pays off.

It's the kind of deal any producer, let alone movie buff, would dream on: Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson, two of the top actors of the day, Oscar-bearing million-dollar stars; Arthur Penn, one of the finest creative American directors; and, for starters, a been-around script by novelist Thomas McGuane about a rancher's hired gun on the trail of horse thieves in the Montana badlands of the 1880s. And they all got together for love and money, with love triumphing in the setup (each agreeing to participate only if the others were involved) and the money a seemingly inevitable sequitur of profits on the $8.2 million investment.

The Missouri Breaks is a quintessential rather than a "different" Western, a reflective re-creation of a frontier in transition. It is traditional only in its story of the landed establishment as self-appointed law in pursuit of the outlaw, and in its attribution of villainy to the entrenched land barons and of romantic appeal to the roving rustlers. But it is neither the complexity of social history nor the thrill of the chase that is the primary concern of the filmmakers. What actors and director have created is a fascinating tale of complex characters, an engrossing duel between men of multilayered personality against a multidimensional time in history, with the individual as complex as the rugged and incredibly variegated eroded ridges, peaks, and mesas where the Missouri River "breaks" in Montana. Find in it, if you will, Penn's recurrent preoccupation with society's outsiders. The view is of hard men in a harsh landscape, of men forced to extremes they find hard to rationalize; it is a view tempered by ironies, by a self-awareness that tinges its mythology with wit and leavens its melodrama.

The duel is ultimately between Nicholson, leader of a small gang of horse thieves, and Brando, a "regulator" hired by a rancher to get the gang. But Penn, whose theater roots are clear even in his eighth feature film—with *Left-Handed Gun* and *Little Big Man* his Western experience, and, of course, *Bonnie and Clyde*—is a master of pacing, and we are a quarter of the way through this 126-minute film before Brando makes his entrance. Meanwhile, the stage has been superbly set, with Nicholson as our touchstone to humanity. He is an easygoing, soft-spoken leader of saddle tramps, and is unnerved by the hanging of one of the gang by a rancher who is the law in a lawless land. "Couple of years ago they'd have put him in the penitentiary and set him weavin' bridles," he notes. "There's something new in the air." The gang needs a relay ranch to hold its stolen horses, and a near-bungled train robbery provides a stake. The thieves have avenged the hanging by killing the rancher's foreman; to sweeten vengeance, they'll buy some land adjoining the rancher's. And while the others go off to freshen their stock of stolen horses—over the border to tap the corral of the Canadian Mounties, no less—Nicholson settles down to ranching. He was born on a ranch—"My folks were good people and I sort of saw it with their eyes"—and he finds roots in the soil.

Enter Brando, an Irish-brogued behemoth, arriving in time for the foreman's funeral to take some ice right off the corpse and put it to his jaw ("I'm under severe attack from a tooth") before getting down to business—and the business is a triumph of an actor's creativity. Brando's "regulator" is equipped with hypochondria, a passion for both bird- and people-watching, and an assortment of costumes to suit the mood of the moment of murder. His pleasure and his psychopathy are in sweet-talking his prospective victims—paying out the line before he pulls it tight around his captive's throat or cuts it loose to lose him in the flood tide—and in playing a role (be it preacher or prairie grandma) before he strips to his killer core and dry-gulches his victim with dagger or bullet.

The regulator and the new rancher face off slowly to the counterpoint of Nicholson's almost instinctive interest in farming, his pride in his work, and his growing attachment to the rancher's aggressive daughter. She is an independent young woman who has gained her pseudo-worldliness from books, and her ambition to get away from the cruelties and rusticities of the Old West as fast as possible, with the loss of her virginity the first step. And then the gang returns in disarray ("Them Mounties followed us right into the U.S.A. and got their horses back—it's not even legal!"), and the regulator gets down to his business. The duel is on—and deadly.

Brando, without doubt, proves himself master of every nuance of controlled madness, each encounter revealing a new dimension of perverse righteousness and each, peculiarly, serving to expose a further weakness in the other person. It is a remarkable effect of personality, with his performance evoking an almost reflective revelation from others while keeping his own enigmatic persona intact. And it works, one realizes, primarily in contrast to Nicholson's completely relaxed rationality, to the tenderness that lies beneath the surface bonhomie and manliness. Without quirk or machismatic glitter, he builds a gentle portrait of the man of interior strength who husbands his resources and his potential for the occasion. It is the ultimate in understatement, overwhelming in its power.

Penn's control of his stars is the film's strength. It enables him to fill the backgrounds with the casual portraiture and savory throwaway lines that are the hallmarks of McGuane's novels and screenplays (especially for the recent and highly underrated *Rancho Deluxe* and

Nicholson and Brando—"Hard men in a harsh landscape."

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92 in the Shade). And Penn has, most importantly, provided his stars with a first-rate supporting cast: Kathleen Lloyd, a veteran of television, makes a memorable debut as the rancher's dark-haired daughter, marked by an off-beat beauty and a spontaneous charm. Noteworthy, too, are Randy Quaid, Frederic Forrest, Harry Dean Stanton, and John Ryan as the horse thieves; John McLiam as the rancher; and Steve Franken as an aspiring legend. All make this Western not only an engrossing entertainment but also a package of remarkable artistry and satisfaction.

Underground is a self-conscious and self-serving documentary by Emile de Antonio, Mary Lampson, and Haskell Wexler about five members of the revolutionary Weather Underground. They are Billy Ayers, Kathy Boudin, Bernardine Dohrn, Jeff Jones, and Cathy Wilkerson—all being sought by the authorities but all apparently functioning in the open. The three filmmakers face the camera, Wexler with camera in hand and seemingly focused on a mirror so that only the backs, with occasional shots of gesturing hands, are in clear view, with blurred faces glimpsed through a near-opaque curtain.

Through questions and lengthy answers, the five discuss their growing up into the student and antiwar movements of the Sixties and their active revolutionary status. They give their rationale for the more than 20 bombings for which they claim credit. The interviews are interspersed with news clips of the various leaders who inspired them (Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Jr., Fidel Castro), of student meetings and disturbances (in which stills and newsreel shots of the five appear), of the sites they bombed, and of their moving freely about and talking to street people about their social attitudes. They talk, in the main, in simplistic, radical cant, the jargon emphasized by its detachment from personality; faceless people make small impression—and the three expressionless filmmakers lend a static tedium to the scene. There is little here beyond what any interested person would know about the group, since specifics are, understandably, skirted for security reasons. The film serves best as an interim report on the radical underground, a reminder of its existence and a sad iteration of the self-satisfied naiveté—or the self-perpetuation—of underground revolutionaries, white-middle-class-American style. □

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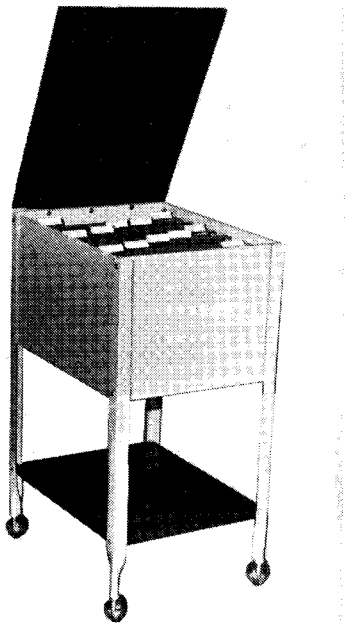

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Dance

by Walter Terry

Return of the Pilgrim

London

Martha Graham, a 10th-generation American descendant of the Pilgrims of 1620, has been striving for more than half a century to win the approval of her distant English cousins. She was first seen by Londoners in 1922 as a soloist with Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and their illustrious Denishawn Dancers. In 1954, Miss Graham, heading her own company, was greeted coolly (and sparsely) by a British press and public so ballet-oriented that modern dance seemed either obscure or pretentious or both. A decade later, a new generation of critics urged the English to have a second look. They looked. They liked what they saw, and on July 19, 1976, the Martha Graham Dance Company will open an engagement at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—a first-time event for the 82-year-old Miss Graham and, indeed, a first for modern dance in that bastion of classical ballet.

As historic as the July 19–31 Covent Garden season will be—for Miss Graham, for modern dance, and for the British public—of even greater significance is the permanent establishment in English theaters, and especially in classrooms, of the Graham dance technique, training programs for dancers, and concepts of dance. In 1966, an Englishman, Robin Howard, a passionate believer in the Graham approach to dance, founded the Contemporary Dance Trust Ltd. A school was established that year—the only school in Europe authorized to teach the Graham technique—and in 1967 the London Contemporary Dance Theater was brought into being.

Robert Cohan, a onetime principal dancer in the Graham company—he frequently partnered Miss Graham herself—and a gifted choreographer in his own right, was engaged by Mr. Howard to head both school and company. Today, the school, celebrated throughout the United Kingdom as The Place, is bulging with more than 300 students. The company—performing a repertory which includes works by Miss Graham, Mr. Cohan, and talented new choreographers trained in The Place—is now recognized and assisted by the nation's Arts Council and performs 52 weeks a year in London, throughout the kingdom, and on the Continent.

Of major import in the spread of Graham dance in England is the introduction of college "residencies," an educational enterprise comparatively new but widely used in America. With financial support from the government, provincial arts councils, and universities, Mr. Cohan brings units of his company to various colleges to serve as artists-in-residence. During their short stays the dancers perform, give Graham-technique classes to college students or local schoolchildren, offer lecture-demonstrations, and permit the public to attend choreographic workshops.

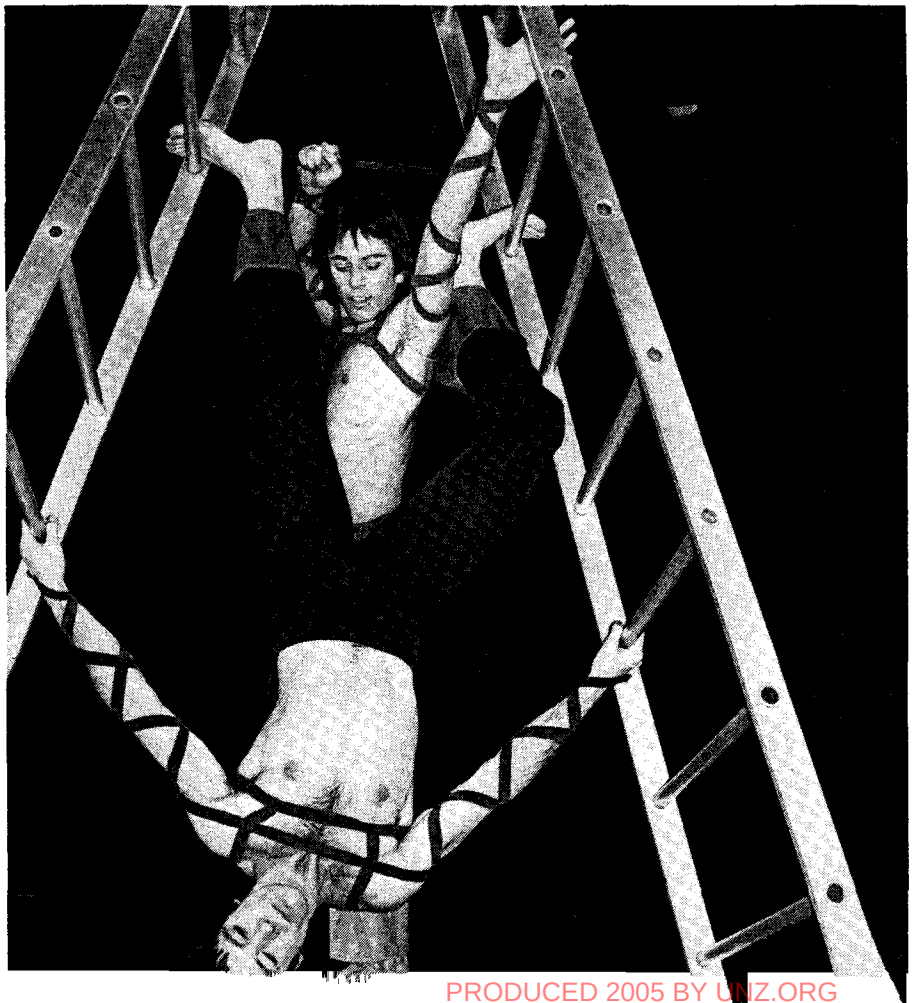
Here in Britain, I attended classes, workshops, and performances of the London Contemporary Dance Theater's residency at I. M. Marsh College of Physical Education in Liverpool. I was profoundly impressed by the enthusiasm of students, faculty, and townspeople, and impressed, too, by the performance given by England's brilliant corps of Graham dancers under Mr. Cohan's stern, stimulating, and vivid direction.

The particular program I saw featured two striking creations by Mr. Cohan. *Hunter of Angels* (created way back in 1959), based on the relationship of Jacob and his twin, Esau, is a powerful duet for two men (brilliantly danced by Robert North and Patrick Harding-Irmer) in which a tall stepladder is used not simply as a stage prop but as an integral part of the choreography. The ladder defines earth and heaven, discloses ascents and descents, serves as a torture rack, symbolizes the climb to power and the fearful fall. The viewer is drawn—almost mesmerized by the bodies on this perilous ladder—into the very vortex of conflicting forces, of the power struggle between irresistible aspiration and the bonds of discipline.

Powerful, too, is Cohan's *Cell* (1969), a sometimes frightening and always fascinating revelation of responses to confinement, of human relationships that flower and then fester within the walls of the cell. We don't know where or why the cell exists; the point of this psychological dance-drama is to discover what

Jacob and his twin, Esau—"Climb to power . . . fearful fall."

Ken Travis



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a cell does to human beings, alone and in groups. There is, in this dance, a curiously contained explosiveness, a sort of emotional "brinkmanship," a tautness of movement but also a muscular stretching that mirrors the stretching of human endurance—physical, mental, emotional—to the breaking point. There are three pairs, each attempting relationships born only of desperation or selfish necessity, relationships doomed to disaster. And disaster comes, for at the end—with strobe lights flickering aimlessly, frantically fleeing bodies being inundated by a rainstorm of white bricks—one man remains. He has gone mad and found himself, an adult reduced to childish terror, desperately attempting to rebuild a structure of some form and recognizable shape with the bricks, as if they were a baby's building blocks. The house he builds keeps falling into ruins even as he builds.

There was romance and humor also in the London Contemporary Dance Theater program on campus. *The Bronze* (1975), a softly, even poetically, erotic dance choreographed by a Jamaican, Namron, is a Pygmalion-like myth in reverse. A blonde girl, adoring a bronze statue, brings it to life, at least in her dreams. Robert North's *Conversation Piece* (1970) is a highly entertaining experiment with words and movement during which a single word with a single gesture develops into a sentence and into a dance as monologues, dialogues, or, for fun, into group cacophony.

Neither Mr. Cohan's dances nor those of his trainees are in any way replicas of Miss Graham's justly celebrated masterpieces, but the bodies that dance them are superb dance instruments created by the Graham technique. Mr. Cohan's continuing expansion of the Graham methods and the highly individual choreography are the result of the Graham dance philosophy that each person, each dancer, is unique and that the function of a choreographer is "to reveal, with truth, the inner man."

And so the arts world will take note this June that Graham feet are at last treading the illustrious boards of the Royal Opera House. English dancers and students may then boast with justification that their own dancing feet—whether stepping in the studios of The Place, in London, or leaping in a gymnasium-theater in Liverpool—are the true harbingers of a new conquest by Martha Graham and of a new era in British dance accomplishment. □

Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

"Ellington Is Forever," Likewise Mozart

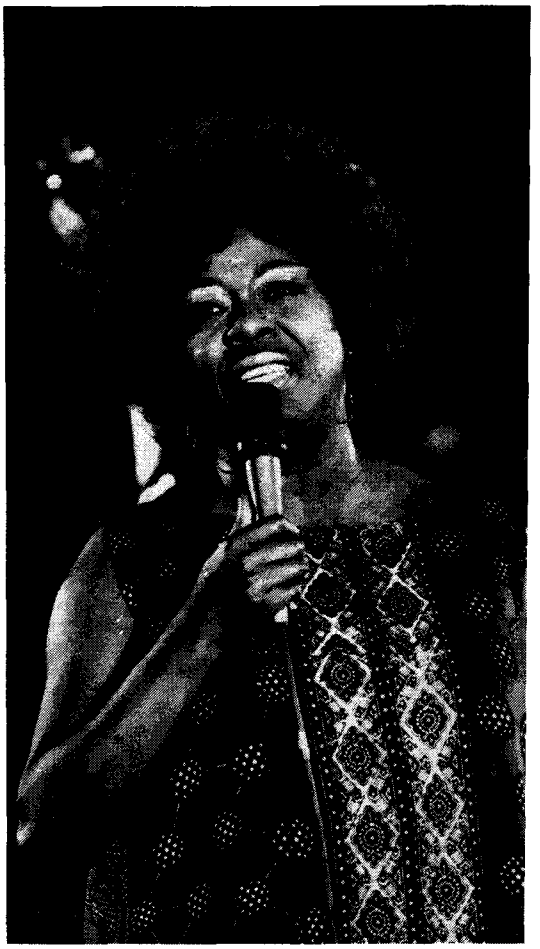
An evening that began in reverence ended in rapture in New York's vast Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, where the link between a life temporal and a life eternal was forged on behalf of Edward Kennedy Ellington. The Duke will always be The Duke for those who love his music, and the theme of "Ellington Is Forever"—celebrated on what would have been his 77th birthday—merely gave Establishment status to what was long ago bestowed by common consent. The official beneficiary of the concert was Cuttington College, in Liberia, but the immediate artistic profit was shared by the thousands who crowded the huge, inspiring building where Ellington himself had offered one of his sacred concerts and where a memorial service was held for him after his death in 1974.

Following an evocation of Ellington's spirit, in a setting of The Lord's Prayer he wrote late in life, speeches of greeting, and proclamations of official endorsement by the mayors of New York and Los Angeles (neither of whom was present), the musical program slowly took shape under the guidance of the composer's son, Mercer. Anita Moore lent a credible, rangy voice to "Come Sunday," Charles Mingus emerged from the crowded nave of the church to play a double-bass solo, and the young virtuosi who currently constitute the Ellington orchestra joined in the lifting measures of *Les Trois Rois Noirs*. This title reflects Ellington's imagery with words as well as with music, for the three kings of his choice were Caspar, Solomon, and Martin Luther King, Jr.

In this work and in the following *Liberian Suite* (written in 1947 to commemorate the 100th anniversary of that country's birth) Ellington's true spirit was at large for the first time. And how large! Aided by the voice of Joe Williams (and despite a miserable amplification system), it spread out to take in the cross on the far wall of the church, the pagan surge from the band's drums, and the miscellaneous thousands of "Black, Brown, and Beige" (to cite another Ellington title) plus white, near white, and nonwhite listeners. Ellington was one with the hearts and minds of all of them.

The reverence thus relaxed escalated into rapture with the appearance of Dave Brubeck and group to perform what he termed his "brief tribute," titled "The Duke." It had a rather chaste kind of portraiture at the outset, but as the mood and the moment merged, Brubeck digressed into what, in another Ellington phrase, might be titled "Reminiscing in Tempo": "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," then "Take the 'A' Train," which became a concerto for Brubeck and the aroused orchestra.

The total dissipation of reverence was accomplished with the appearance of Sarah Vaughan (and trio). The once-sleek teenager, now matured into a formidable mistress of her craft, delved into the kind of Ellington that is, indeed,



Wagner International
Sarah Vaughan—"Virtuoso variations."

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forever: "Solitude" and "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." As the sound soared higher and higher, she added, with an astral, apologetic "I hope you don't mind, Duke," her virtuoso variations on the Gershwins' "The Man I Love." Taken any way you want, the words embodied the emotional undertone of an evening both warm and wonderful.

MUSICALLY SPEAKING, the happiest happening of the Bicentennial to date has been the series of concerts in Carnegie Hall in which Daniel Barenboim as pianist-conductor performed, in a sequence of seven concerts, plus two with Isaac Stern as violinist, all the Mozart concerti for these two instruments. What, you might ask, has W. A. Mozart to do with the American Bicentennial? Nothing, so far as I know, save that he was 20 years old and marooned in Salzburg on July 4, 1776. But if the circumstances were sufficient for the National Westminster Bank Ltd. to join the Carnegie Hall Corporation in sponsoring this "British Salute," let us rejoice.

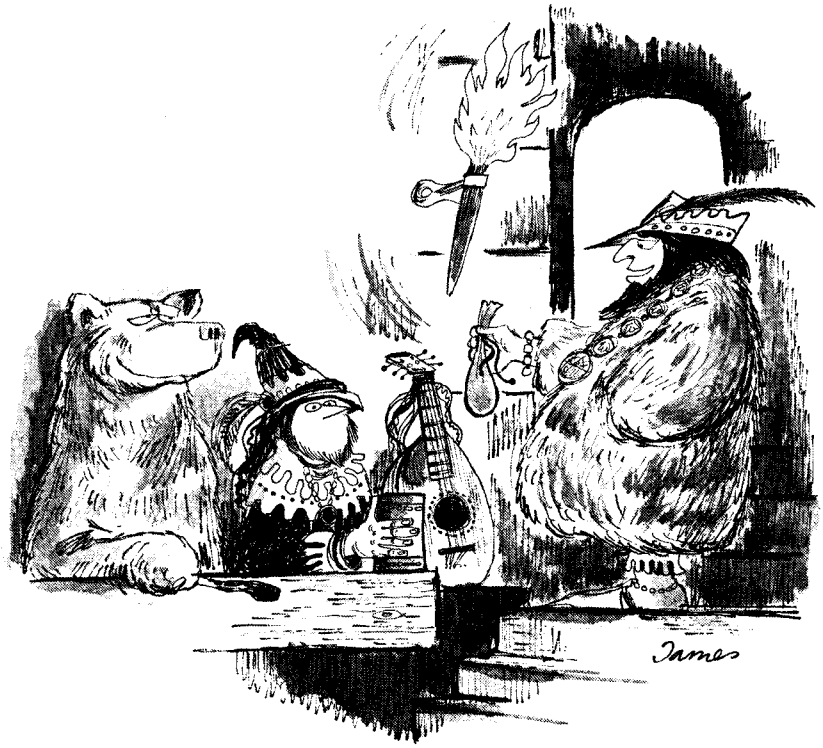
Rarely has so much good, and great, music been compacted into a series of nine concerts: so much, and so varied, indeed, that it is hardly possible for one conductor-performer to be adjusted equally to it all. One conductor, yes; one pianist, hardly. The unfolding sequence found a point of happy intermediation in the works bearing Nos. 14, 15, and 16. The earlier ones, for all the musical impulse of Barenboim, prompted him to a piano sound brighter and more incisive than they could absorb; the later ones, verging on early Beethoven, required—for performance in Carnegie Hall—a bigger, more embracing orchestral sound than the ensemble (38 players at most) could produce.

But in these middle works, revolving around the mighty masterpiece that is No. 15 in B flat (K. 450), both elements were in balance. Barenboim's punchy rather than caressing piano sound was well adjusted to the G minor variations of the other B flat (No. 18, K. 456). This, in essence, is a sketch for a self-portrait of Mozart himself, and Barenboim filled in the details with his own refined kind of musical draftsmanship. As a leader among the new generation of conductors, it should be possible for Barenboim to find a better solution to the odd problem of the conductor-pianist. If the ensemble can function when both hands of the conductor are engaged on the keyboard, why does it need all those agitated gestures when he has nothing else to do? Answer: it doesn't, and the audience might be surprisingly responsive to a quieter, more companionable manner.

TWO WORKS new to New York were introduced at a concert by the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra at the tail end of April. One is a hitherto-unknown addition to the category of "Second-Generation Bartók" (*SR*, February 7) titled *Music for Strings, Trumpet, and Percussion* (1958), by Grazyna Bacewicz, a Polish composer now in her sixties. It is spiced by fragments of a jazz character, which gives her formulation an identity of its own.

The other unfamiliar piece was *Concerto for Harp and Orchestra*, by Alberto Ginastera, written for Edna Phillips, of Philadelphia, and first performed in the mid-Sixties. Much about it is ingenious, arousing, and engaging to the ear, with scoring of a kind that Maurice Ravel might have evolved had he been born beside the River Plate, in Ginastera's Argentina. It is a work of conspicuous quality, which tends to treat the harp as part of the ensemble rather than defer to its acoustical limitations.

The instigator of these uncommon occurrences was, in herself, an uncommon occurrence: young Victoria Bond, a Juilliard student on the verge of becoming its first female doctor of musical arts in conducting. The organizational skill and technical command required to prepare the two new works with a student orchestra earned Miss Bond high marks for proficiency, which she shared with Gretchen Van Hoesen as a dynamic soloist in the harp concerto. The succeeding performance of Gustav Holst's *The Planets* tended to exuberance rather than finesse, with Miss Bond more within the sweep of the music than externally supervising it. Miss Bond, who conducted this work without a score, was remiss in not encouraging her co-workers to share applause with her throughout the evening. Another day, another year, another orchestra, she should have such details more surely in hand. □



"His majesty says you're no François Villon, but he really dug the bear."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 60

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 62.

D LJJM FWZVNDK NJ-
FGME NJCZVZYZ KDXL-
GKE JA MVZJXMGXKE
NJCMWNY JNNDZVJCD-
KKE VCYGXXWSYGM HE
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Television

by Karl E. Meyer

The Money Game

Not long ago in this space (*SR*, March 20) I wondered whether Harry Reasoner's hairstyle would change as a result of his "ABC Evening News" show's coming under the editorship of an executive who favors the "happy talk" style of so many local news programs. ABC has answered the question in spectacular fashion. As all the world knows, Mr. Reasoner will be paired with the most familiar coiffure on television now that Barbara Walters has said farewell, after 12 years, to her loyal audience on the "Today" show. Clearly, ABC is to be congratulated for the most daring player raid since the Yankees lured Babe Ruth away from the Red Sox in 1919.

Anyone who feels (as I do) that women have been badly treated on television will wish Miss Walters well. It was not only money that prompted her move: NBC was apparently willing to match ABC's million-dollar-a-year offer. But NBC would not give her the chance this fall to be co-anchor with John Chancellor on the uniquely prestigious network evening news program. By breaking one more taboo, Miss Walters will make it easier for other women to get a fairer shake in television news.

In every other respect, however, I find the ABC decision depressing. Most obviously, it further blurs the distinction between journalism and entertainment, and widens the salary gap between superstars and staff professionals. Less obviously, it illustrates the results of the invisible subsidy that this country has historically given to commercial broadcasting.

Taking the last point first, that subsidy consists of virtually free use of the airwaves. Until recently, television and radio stations paid nothing at all for the most valuable thing they possess—the monopoly right to broadcast on a given frequency. A few years ago, the FCC instituted a token tax, but the amount is minuscule in terms of station revenue. It is as if newspapers got newsprint for nothing, or as if magazines were given free use of the U.S. mails. By contrast, in Great Britain commercial broadcasters pay a substantial 12 percent tax on their total income for the right to use the air.

One result of this vital subsidy has been to assure the immense profits of commercial broadcasting. *The New York Times* reported, on February 29, that in the past year earnings per share of ABC stock advanced from $.99 to $2.35 while RCA (parent company of NBC) moved from $1.40 to $2.20 and CBS grew from $4.30 to $4.75. The earnings growth for the networks this year is projected at 10 to 12 percent, and at 15 to 20 percent for major television groups—the networks gaining less because of anticipated extra costs of convention coverage.

This profitability makes possible the inflated salaries of network superstars. The three network anchormen get as much as $400,000 a year, and by world standards are a caste apart. A British comparison is revealing. Out of a total BBC payroll of 25,000 persons, I am informed, only 42 people receive from

$20,000 to $22,000, 12 get from $22,000 to $30,000, 3 receive from $30,000 to $34,000, 5 make from $34,000 to $40,000, and only one, the director-general, is paid more than $40,000. These figures do not include star broadcasters paid on an annual-contract basis, of whom the best compensated is a sportscaster, Brian Young, who is said to receive $60,000 a year. By American network standards, this is piddling; Miss Walters will be getting more than 20 times as much as the director-general of BBC, the best English-language broadcasting system in the world.

It should be further noted that network superstars get lucrative extra benefits, such as abnormally large lecture fees. On April 21, *Variety* reported that Mike Wallace, of CBS, got $3,500 for a half-hour speech at a Dallas television conference; by comparison, federal law puts a restriction of $1,500 on any single appearance by a senator or congressman on the lecture circuit.

Few are more acutely aware of the rewards given the network elite than the anonymous professionals who write so many of the words that the superstars read on the TelePrompTer. The gap between chiefs and Indians will widen still further, undoubtedly, when anchormen like Walter Cronkite, John Chancellor, and Harry Reasoner get their expected raises—now that Miss Walters has more than doubled the network ante.

In reading about the five-year, $5 million contract that Miss Walters has gotten from ABC, I could not help but reflect on how refreshing it would have been if the same network had invested the same amount in creating a show like "60 Minutes," the superb weekly CBS program that more than anything else has shown the useful potential of electronic journalism.

Still, and in fairness, who can fault the TV superstar for getting as much as possible from the network bosses? What one can quarrel with is the failure of these superstars to make the quality of their product a more important element in contract negotiations. The same morning that Miss Walters announced her departure from NBC, she followed up by reading a cosmetics commercial. It can be legitimately asked why she hadn't refused years ago to be a huckster—I cannot think of a print journalist who has also been in the advertising business.

Compromise has become a way of life in network journalism. To cite a personal example, I have appeared three times on the "Today" show to be interviewed about a new book. In each case my interviewer—Dave Garroway (1961), Hugh Downs (1971), Barbara Walters (1974)—had not bothered to read the book; the homework was done by researchers. The experience is wholly typical, as any author will testify; the best one can hope is that a television interviewer will have glanced at a jacket blurb. A police reporter would be fired for such nonchalance.

My wish for Miss Walters is that she will use the influence of her new position to improve network performance. Her contract stipulates that she will produce a series of ABC documentaries. I propose two topics. One would be a program called "How Much Is Enough?" in which Americans of all social strata would be asked about the amount of money they need for a fulfilled life? A second topic would be the economics of television. It would be a realized dream if television turned its cameras on itself and posed fully, fairly, and comprehensively the issues raised by the privileged position the networks have in American life. □

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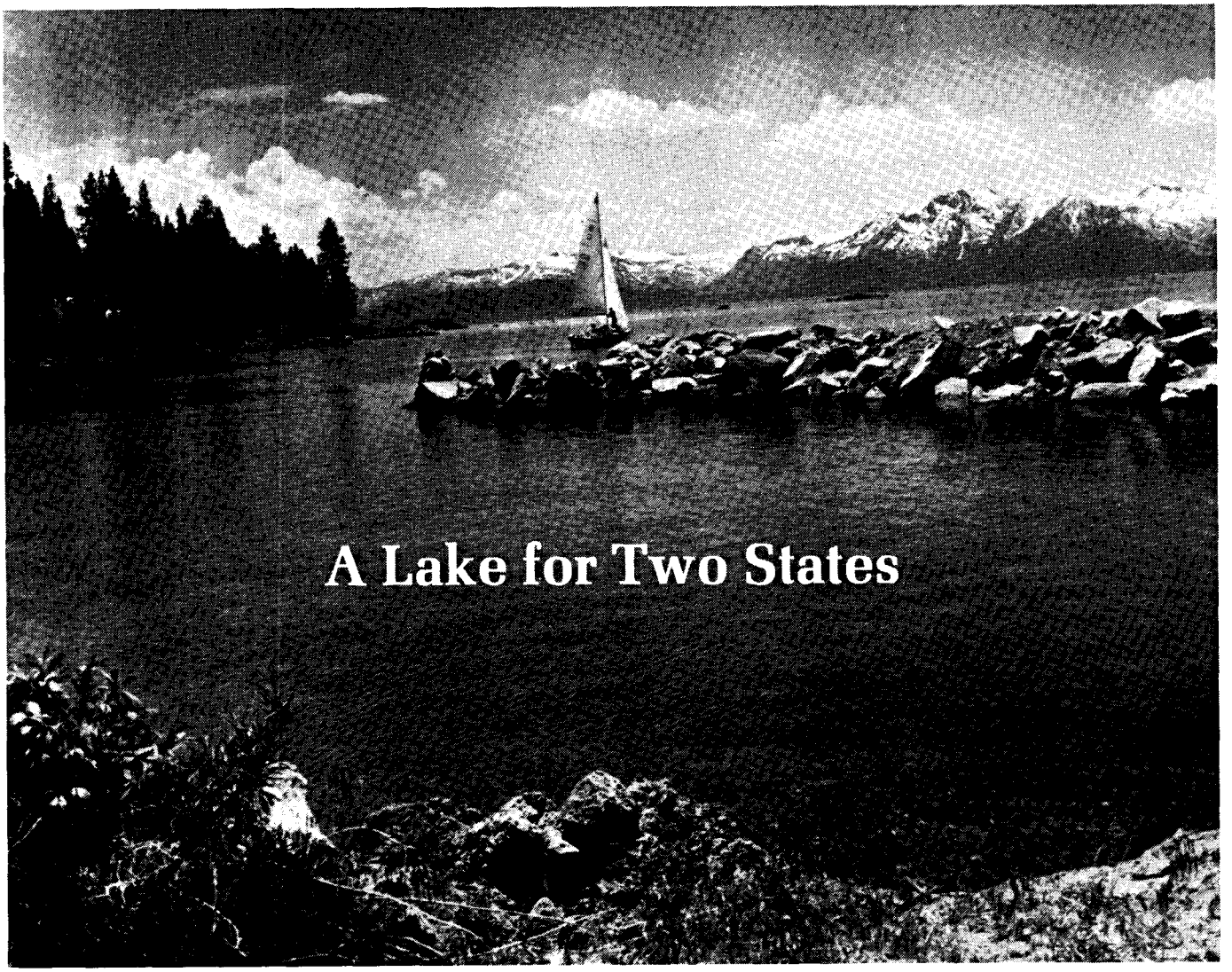

A Lake for Two States

Lake Tahoe—Saddle-and-flapjack breakfast rides, slots in the lobby, blue tennis courts by the shoreline.

by Horace Sutton

The north rim of Lake Tahoe, bisected as it is by the border between California and Nevada, is not only positioned within the sovereign realms of two states, it also must live a duality of personalities. The California side pursues the good, clean California life—skiing in winter, sailing in summer, fishing for trout, and camping in the Sierras. The Nevada side is not sure whether it should show its cowboy shadings—after all, it is handy to such old Western towns as Carson City—or whether it ought to pander to the high rollers—after all, it is handy to Reno, a spangled city of chance in a state where gambling is legal.

On the Nevada side the new Hyatt Lake Lodge, at Incline Village, is 215 miles northeast of San Francisco and only 110 miles from Sacramento, the imperial seat of Genghis Brown. The Californians, who are forbidden to gamble on their home territory except perhaps on a big-budget picture or on a race at Santa Anita, can slide over the unmanned border and dispose of their disposable cash without venturing farther than the foyer of Hyatt Lake Tahoe, a retreat that was once the Crown Hotel. In the Vegas and Reno fashion, the gaming tables and the extraction machines fill the lobby, a province where in other days hotel guests used to sit and read and perhaps contemplate one another.

A tenderfoot will have to hack a pathway through the underbrush of slots to make it to Alpine Jack's Eating Place, where cowhands, broncobusters, and other assorted Marlboro men are invited to order a "de lox"—smoked salmon, cream cheese, red onion, yellow onion ringlets, and black olives served with one and a half bagels. Now, ask John Wayne if that ain't what they dish up back at the cookhouse.

Without tripping over the one-armed-bandit fanciers, a party might make it to the lakefront, where the Hyatt people have set up a version of Hugo's, the stylish restaurant they customarily install on their diverse properties. Anyone who has engaged a cottage on the beach might not have to skirmish in the lobby at all, at least not until it is time to settle accounts. The beach, I ought to add, stretches 500 feet along the rim of the lake, a body of water that sits at 6,229 feet. Soaring thousands of feet above the lake are the snow-dappled peaks of the Sierras.

Although sunbathing and volleyball—

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a game that, I suspect, is played here to hinder the onset of frostbite—are summer pleasures, the July weather, which can stretch to 80 degrees, can dip to 42. Most water-skiers wear wet suits, in the fashion of surfboard riders in the California spring; for skin divers a complete encasement in rubber is necessary. The water remains in the low 60s the year around, varying only two degrees from winter to summer.

The fish swim deep in summer, and those who come to coax them from the lake are advised to equip themselves with at least 300 feet of weighted line. Anything hooked in early summer may well be brought to boatside by early autumn. The species could include brown, rainbow, and eastern brook trout; kokanee salmon; and Tahoe whitefish.

Incline Beach, on the Nevada indentation known as Crystal Bay, is a semipublic strand. If you're renting a unit, you can use the beach. The shore frontage is the lakeside border of a huge preserve called Incline Village, which takes in the Incline Winter Sports Area and the Incline Golf Club. Both are owned by Japanese. Golfers tee off and ride green fairways to pine-clustered greens, the lake and the snowy mountains providing the backdrop. Ski Incline, behind the golf course, has four double-chair lifts and a T-bar sliding up mountains in winter. The houses in a Tyrolean village, high on the ridgeline, are rentable by days or weeks or for the season.

There is a full-fledged shopping center within the village limits, as well as a scattering of restaurants. The grandest is the Chataux, as they spell it, a beanery with delusions of splendor at the Incline Golf Club. One will encounter, I assure you, no pretension at all at the nutrition parlor, behind the Ponderosa Nursery, that calls itself the DELInclineTESSEN. It serves 48 kinds of wine, almost as many kinds of sandwiches, and some diverse numbers that range from *escargots cognac* with French bread to homemade meatballs. Al fresco diners are seated at tables amid the nursery's flora.

There are only a few tennis courts at Hyatt's digs, but the Lake Tahoe Resort embraces the Tahoe Racquet Club and its 27 courts. It can bombard you with a tennis-ball machine, tape your ground strokes on video cameras, set up private and group lessons. Using its own guest rooms, it sets up five-and-a-half-day tennis packages that start Sundays, play beginning the day of arrival.

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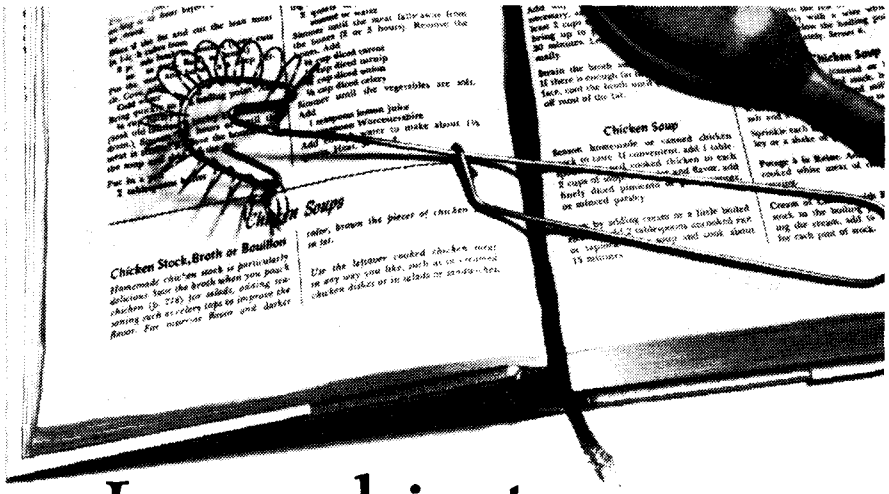

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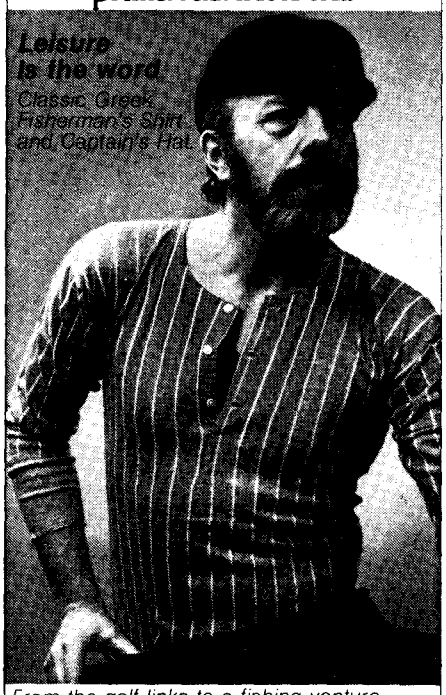

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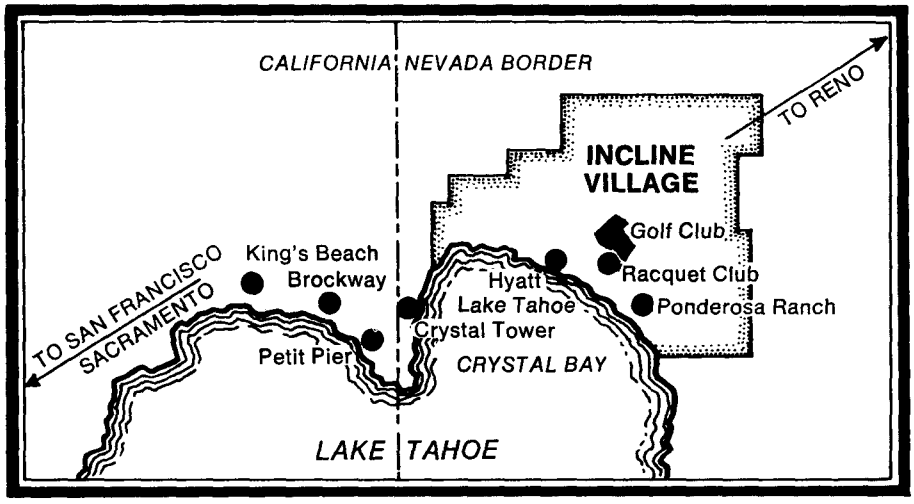
rides, apply to Ponderosa Ranch, which its owners, William and Joyce Anderson, refer to, without argument, as the "world's most famous ranch." Ponderosa is the mythical seat of "Bonanza," which every dedicated patron of the televised art form will recognize immediately as the home of Ben Cartwright, Little Joe, Hoss, Hop Sing the cook, and other thespians engraved forever in the halls of high drama. Thus Ponderosa has been fitted out with Ben Cartwright's Country Store, an emporium that sells corncob pipes, Bull Durham tobacco, Red Man chewing tobacco, and other necessities of the frontier. Ponderosa, in other corners of the spread, also dispenses Hossburgers, offers an insider's view of Hop Sing's kitchen, and sells 250,000 tin cups a year, each of which is embossed with a sales message about Ponderosa.



Bob Pelletier

The Andersons get a lot of visitors because "Bonanza" is seen by 400 million viewers who listen to it in 12 languages and watch it in 86 countries. The Andersons tour the world in the off-season, promoting visits to the United States in general and to the Ponderosa Ranch in particular. On these odysseys Anderson is the image of a Western high roller, with a diamond ring worth, he has said, "about two Cadillacs" and a pair of lizard-skin boots and an attaché case to match worth about $1,000 for the set.

That sort of style persists on the Nevada side in places like Crystal Tower, a condominium that has one owner to a floor, bedside consoles to lock the doors or start a fire in the fireplace, and, in some apartments, a mink coverlet on the bed. Stateline Point, a peninsula that thrusts itself into the lake where California meets Nevada, has a hotel-casino that is half in Nevada, half in California. Naturally, the casino is on the Nevada side. The bar, at the very edge of the north shore, provides not only spirits but a straight-shot view down the 20-mile length of Lake Tahoe.

King's Beach, with its tacos and slush parlors, its lakeside swim clubs equipped with saunas and Jacuzzis, offers positive assurance that one has arrived in the sun-kissed land. Brockway Springs is protected from all that, a preserve secluded behind a barred gate, sedate and genteel. Beyond the barrier are 45 rentable units in a condominium complex. A lone high rise hovers over the lake, but the rest of the accommodations nestle against the landscaping. A two-bedroom penthouse in the tower, with fireplace and full kitchen, rents for $528 a week or $1,700 a month. It can sleep 12. The large pool is heated by a handy natural hot spring, which makes it possible to swim in a snowstorm. Rainbow trout can be plucked from the lake by those who venture no farther than the fishing pier. There are two blue tennis courts—this *is* California—strung along the lakeside, handy to town houses where a one-bedroom pad with full kitchen is rentable at $230 a week.

Brockway fires up a mass barbecue every night, but there is also the sophisticated availability of Le Petit Pier, at Tahoe Vista, operated by a displaced Frenchman from Landes who served a four-year term at Las Vegas before breaking out for himself. Among the offerings are cream of watercress soup, Belgian endives served with walnuts, steak *au poivre flambé*, a roast duckling with green pepper, and, occasionally, turbot fetched from France. But for the valiant outpost of Le Petit Pier, it is a taco-and-burger world. ☐

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

We have spoken to you before about the difficulty these days of opening, and getting into, pill bottles, milk bottles, cans and cartons and creamers and even those damn little jelly things. And we have finally come to the conclusion that they all, especially those damn little jelly things, have declared war on us. We are their mortal enemy.

The other morning, for example, we tried, with the best will in the world, to get into a new package of cereal. We promised ourselves we wouldn't get cross, and we looked for the directions. There were no directions. So what did we do? What else *could* we do? We got furious. We scratched, we cut, we punched, we kicked, and we *still* couldn't get in. Again we looked for the directions. We didn't find any, but we did find the name of the company. So we called them. The phone rang and rang. The trouble was, of course, that it was seven in the morning, and those loafers weren't there yet. Eventually, a man did answer. "We wish to speak to the president," we said. He told us that he himself was only the janitor, but he then made the mistake of telling us who the president was, and that he lived in Greenwich, Conn. In no time at all, we got the man, and, we are happy to say, we got him out of bed, too. Calmly, we explained our problem. Nervously, he told us to remain calm and that he would go into his kitchen and get his box. When he returned, he told us that his box was already opened. We told him that a fat lot of good that did us. But he did do one thing. He told us just where the directions were. And do you know what? We had a defective box. Of course. That is part of the war. They won't win this war, however. Fortunately, we have the patience of Job.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH DEPT.—as found by Marilyn de Siena, of Albuquerque, N.Mex., in the Lincoln County *News*:

Can identical humans be born? The odds against two individuals being born exactly alike are astronomical. . . . There are more than eight million ways the 23 chromosomes of the mother and the 23 of the father can combine. The odds against any two of their children having the same complement of chromosomes are about a trillion to one. There are many similar individuals, but very few itch.

Unless they get the wrong chromosomes?

SPIRITUAL NOTE—as discovered by Hilde Erwin, of Carmel, Calif., in the "Lenten Guideposts" column in the Monterey Peninsula *Herald*:

During the next three weeks I had a series of interviews with the company. Finally, I received word that they were definitely interested. On the night before I was supposed to call them, I slept fitfully. Finally, I got up and began writing an essay to myself. "If I have the faith in God I thought I had, aren't I needlessly worrying too much?"

When I returned to bed, a tremendous clam came over my body.

We hope it was a month with an "r" in it.

THE CHURCH IS ALWAYS WITH US DEPT.—as spotted by Charles Austin, of New York City, in a budgetary report of the Lutheran Council of the United States of America:

Fiscal year 1975/76 results show very erratic use of this expense line. Apparently we are both overbudgeting and overspending, although the overspending may be due to underbudgeting.

That's putting the responsibility where it should be, all right.

ELECTION-YEARING—as sent in by Mrs. Hubbard Lewis, of Warren, Pa., from a campaign leaflet entitled "Who Is Chip Seeger?"

Some politicians campaign openly and directly, addressing the issues. Some use insinuation and attack.

I believe the public is tired of the snicker of negative politics.

I have tried to run a positive, dignified and truthful campaign. I believe that will lead to my serving in the House of Representatives in the same manner. I want to try and restore confidence by my own example.

Charles M. Seeger
Scholar and Athelete

Whatever you do, avoid the spelling bees.

CRIME PATROL—as submitted by Alma Skidmore, of Delmar, N.Y., from the Albany *Knickerbocker News*:

Police described the bandits as white, slim, of medium height, and all wearing dark jackets. Two of them wore multicolored ski masks and the third a red bandana. One apparently had a reddish blond bear, police said.

The better to burgle with, no doubt. □

"No, I don't have any placebos that taste like wild hickory nuts!"

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Psycho-geography

To give an example of what I call psycho-geography—which is, I believe, a fairly new phenomenon—I'll take you back a few weeks to a dinner-table conversation. One of the guests—an actor—said that he had just auditioned for a television commercial for the U.S. Postal Service. We all assumed that the commercial was one of those public-service don't-forget-the-zip-code things. Not at all, he said. It was a full-fledged commercial, sponsored by the Post Office, designed to persuade the public to mail more letters. Apparently, the figuring goes that, if the telephone company can get people to make more phone calls by showing happy people talking to their loved ones over long distance, the Post Office should be able to get people to write more letters by showing happy people reading their mail. The unanimous feeling among us was that the idea was ridiculous. In fact, one of us made the suggestion that there might be subversives in the top echelons of the Postal Service—fifth columnists dedicated to the overthrow of everything that is not in the control of what has come to be called the "private sector." I myself had suspected such a conspiracy ever since my experience with two rolls of 13-cent stamps and a sheet of 9-centers. While postage-stamp glue has never been an epicurean delight, the glue on the new 9- and 13-cent stamps has a flavor so sickening that it must have been developed through costly research.

Suspicions of subversion aside, we all agreed that, while one might be tempted to place a phone call by the suggestion of a TV commercial, writing a letter is an entirely different thing. Letters require more time, more thought, and more effort.

The man who had auditioned for the commercial said he thought that letters really *were* a more satisfactory means of communication than phone calls precisely because they do require greater thought and organization. And when you get a letter, you can save it, reread it, show it to your wife, and so on, whereas a phone call lives on only as long as it lingers in your memory.

Someone else said that a phone call is usually more spur-of-the-moment than a letter and thus might have more immediate sincerity.

Then a woman said, "I think a lot depends on where you are."

At first I assumed that she meant that if, for example, you were in Calcutta and you wanted to communicate with someone in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, a letter might be a better idea than a phone call, whereas if you were in New York City, a phone call to Yonkers might be more appropriate than a letter. Then I realized that she was speaking in psycho-geographical terms. She meant, "It depends on what kind of person you are."

In psycho-geography, *where you are* has nothing to do with the physical space occupied by your body. It refers to your psychological proclivities.

When Tom Hayden, the former firebrand, was running for the California Democratic nomination for senator, the *Los Angeles Times* had a story on him: "Hayden . . . zeroed in on issues rather than individuals. . . . 'I come from a place that says if you just replace a man in office, you're going to get the same problems,' Hayden said."

Perhaps I'm narrow-minded, but that's a black mark against him in my book. I don't have any prejudice against the idea that a *place* can say something. Such phrases as "The White House said . . . ," "The Pentagon let it be known . . . ," "According to No. 10 Downing Street . . . ," and "Madison Avenue would have us believe . . ." are good, idiomatic English—"the container for the thing contained," as Thurber's Miss Groby had it. But Hayden isn't talking about a place at all. *Place* has become a metaphor for *state of mind*, and it's an inept, confusing metaphor.

I suspect that the genesis of this psycho-geographical phenomenon lies somewhere in the drug scene of the Sixties, with its psychedelic "trips." Since people could take trips without leaving their beds, there's small wonder that motionless travel worked its influence on the language. Films, paintings, books, music, poetry—almost anything that delighted the mind—could be given the high accolade "It's a real trip," and anything depressing was labeled "a bum trip" or "a bummer." All these trips carry the implication of geographical shift and thus the germ of psycho-geography.

The ultimate psycho-geographical phrase of the Sixties was one that I sincerely hope has passed into oblivion: "where your head is at."

I'd like to see the rest of psycho-geographical jargon fade away, never to return. When someone means to say, "It depends on the kind of person you are," I don't like my thoughts wandering off to Calcutta and Saskatchewan. □

"The metric system is coming! The metric system is coming!"

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(**Chelminski:** *continued from page 17*)
racy. But it is certain that the *programme commun* has already committed its adherents to a merry round of nationalization—of the credit and banking systems; the insurance, steel, chemical, and pharmaceutical complexes; and the oil, electronics, armaments, aeronautics, maritime, and automobile industries. If this large-scale nationalization ever came off, what happened in 1936 would surely happen in 1978: a collapse (or, shall we say, *une vive réaction*) of the stock market; a desperate buying of gold and diamonds—those ageless refuges—and a hemorrhage of capital and stern controls to try to arrest it; and a drying up of private credit to France. There would be a run on the franc, and, in spite of France's healthy gold reserves, it would have to be devalued.

The alliance machine's eccentricity would quickly become apparent in the nationalized industries. Mitterrand believes in Yugoslav-style "autogestion," whereas Marchais, naturally, is for "democratic centralism" (read "control by party bureaucracy"). Beyond French frontiers, the incongruities would be just as striking. French participation in NATO might undergo no immediate changes, but once the threshold of opportunity has been passed, communists are not going to support an anticommunist alliance for long. Further, the communist program calls for the renunciation of the French nuclear force, parliamentary control of national defense, and a military service reduced to six months. Add to this its rejection of the European Economic Community ("monopolistic interest") in favor of "the widest cooperation with all countries, without discrimination," and you have a fairly good recipe for Finlandization. The socialists, on the other hand, are passionate Europeans, even to the point of supporting the European Parliament and an eventually united Europe—a concept that is anathema, of course, to the communists.

It does not seem to me that the Left could survive these contradictions for long, and students of *déjà vu* will recall that the Popular Front government lasted just one year, leaving France enfeebled and more divided than ever. But before we speak of history's repeating itself, let us watch the next two years. Giscard might find some of the Gaullist magic. God knows he's looking. □

(**LBJ:** *continued from page 26*)
speaking to history, he made the characteristic mistake of toning himself down—either that or Miss Kearns herself toned him down, out of tact. But a toned-down Johnson is not the real Johnson: his vulgarity was an element of his greatness, and profanity the true accent of his passion. His own efforts to behave as his mother would have wanted him to—to be respectable, nice, and proper—probably lost him more of America's affection than did his decisions on Vietnam. A man who could describe a fellow politician as being too dumb to pour piss out of a boot was a man worth listening to—it is one of the sad facts of his career that his magnetism only worked face to face; had he been able to project it over the airwaves, there would have been no stopping him.

This, however, is a problem that the biographers of great politicians—like the biographers of actors and other great performers—must always grapple with. Their subjects are usually people who seem larger than life, but, unfortunately, only so long as they are alive. However gifted of spirit or great of mind they may be, they are also preeminently creatures of the flesh, and when the flesh dies, a singular combination of mind and spirit dies with it.

Recapturing this combination in words is exceedingly difficult, as Booth Mooney, a longtime Johnson aide, makes us aware in *LBJ: An Irreverent Chronicle.** Unfortunately, Mr. Mooney's book is nowhere particularly irreverent; it is a light, chatty tribute that recycles a number of good anecdotes and supplies a few more. In the end he, too, tones down his old boss; so, for that matter, does Mr. Valenti, in his recent memoir, *A Very Human President.* In her study Miss Kearns makes a tentative, fair, never very dogmatic use of the tools of psychoanalysis, whereas Mr. Mooney and Mr. Valenti, in their books, make use only of their own memories. Miss Kearns's study is by far the most significant we have had of Johnson, but even in her book there is a slight sense that the man is eluding the muse. The man was always considerably more than his own facts—Miss Kearns appreciates this, but there is not a great deal she can do about it. These larger-than-life figures don't need mere Harvard intellectuals—they need Boswells, something Miss Kearns had no inclination to be. Short of that, she has done a remarkable job. □

**Crowell, 277 pp., $8.95.*

(**Simon:** *continued from page 44*)
1974, too, with a jazz band behind her; and though the songs on *Court and Spark* (1974) and *The Hissing of Summer Lawns* (1976) are just as candid and jarring as those of her past, the mood is that much more uplifting and positive because of the vital music now in them. And Laura Nyro broke her five-year silence to record and perform again. She is, at 28, a screamer no more; the songs on her new album, *Smile*, convey an unexpected sense of inner peace. I believe she speaks for many of her peers in "Stormy Love" when she says, "I'm gonna love again, but I won't be the same."

NOT EVERYONE was as successful in passing the great divide—Sixties into Seventies, twenties into thirties. We lost Tim Buckley some time ago. And Phil Ochs's recent suicide was all the more tragic in the light of the positive energy in the air. It was as if he could sense this resurgence and couldn't bear to face being absent at the creative front lines of his generation. We have not heard from Tim Hardin in a long while, nor from Tom Paxton or Pat Sky. And that long-awaited "one time only" closed-circuit-televised intergalactic billion-dollar coming together of the Beatles has once again failed to materialize.

Nevertheless, we now have many songwriters able to speak to those of us in our thirties who draw on experiences beyond the ken of the average teenybopper. With any luck, these survivors from the Sixties (and there are others, like Leonard Cohen, Randy Newman, Dore Previn, and Jackson Browne) will be with us for a long time, writing songs that will help our generation define itself through adulthood, as well as providing a literature upon which future generations will build. And we will need them as we retrench in the Seventies for the long work that remains ahead.

Something like that is very much on Paul Simon's mind as he looks to the future. "Today," he says, "I'm functioning on a value system that is relatively well defined in my head, and it doesn't matter what somebody says about my work. I feel I know how far away I am from what I could potentially be. It's nice to be praised, but my eye is on a place farther down the line. It will require more work, and either I'll get there or I won't—check back in 10 years and see if I've done anything." Meanwhile, we'll all be listening. □

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Answer to Fraser Young *Literary Crypt No. 60* (see page 52): A good musical comedy consists largely of disorderly conduct occasionally interrupted by talk.

—George Ade

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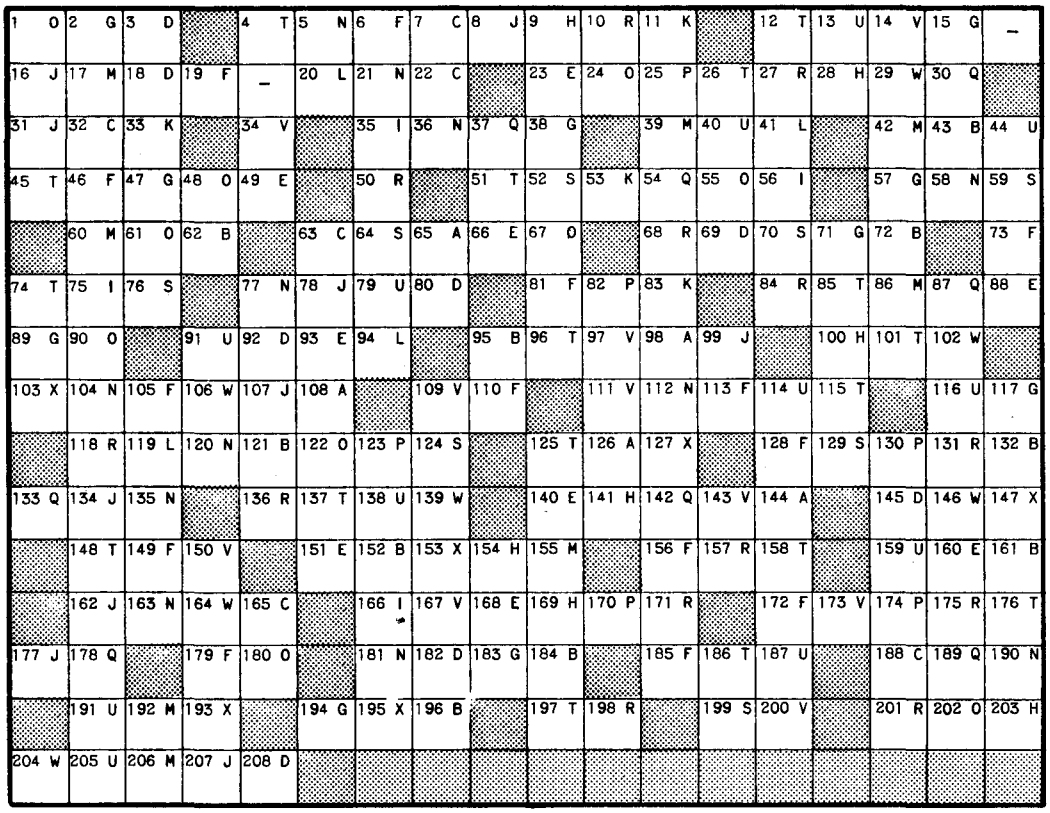

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Massage

B. "_____ once a shining store" (2 wds., Cowper, "To Mary")

C. Race into which Krishna is reputed to have been born, in India

D. Revolt, disgust, sicken

E. Giantess who was the mother of Fenrir, Hel, and the Midgard serpent (Scandinavian myth)

F. Absolutely, completely (3 wds.)

G. Devices for transmitting motion between a driving and a driven part (2 wds.)

H. Provoked, annoyed

I. Yielding, docile

J. Climbing vine, *Hedera helix* (2 wds.)

K. Stables, carriage houses, and living quarters built around a court

L. Gula; molding

M. Crisp, pungent roots, usually eaten raw

N. Tulip tree (2 wds.)

WORDS

65 98 108 126 144

152 184 196 43 62 72 95 121 132 161

165 188 22 32 7 63

69 145 182 208 3 18 80 92

160 168 49 66 93 140 151 23 88

110 156 179 185 6 73 105 128 149 172
19 81 113 46

47 57 89 117 194 2 15 38 71 183

203 9 28 100 141 154 169

35 56 75 166

177 207 99 134 8 31 78 107 162 16

53 83 33 11

20 41 94 119

155 206 39 86 60 192 17 42

135 163 190 5 58 77 120 104 181 21 36 112

CLUES

O. Bizarre

P. Reddened; flooded with water

Q. Large, ferocious-looking baboon of western Africa

R. Showing unpolished vigor rather than refinement (comp.)

S. Short, thick sticks or clubs

T. Making a good beginning (5 wds.)

U. "And yet, _____,/Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!" (3 wds., *Hamlet*)

V. Closely related or associated

W. Goes back on one's word

X. Struck violently, especially so as to break into pieces

WORDS

180 202 1 55 24 48 67 122 90 61

174 170 25 199 82 123 130

87 54 133 178 30 142 189 37

10 198 68 136 27 50 157 201 118 175
84 131 171

70 129 124 59 52 76 64

4 12 45 74 85 115 125 158 176 186
26 101 148 51 96 137 197

91 13 205 116 44 138 79 187 40 114 191 159

34 111 173 97 143 167 200 109 14 150

164 29 146 102 106 139 204

103 195 127 153 193 147

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 99* appears on page 39.

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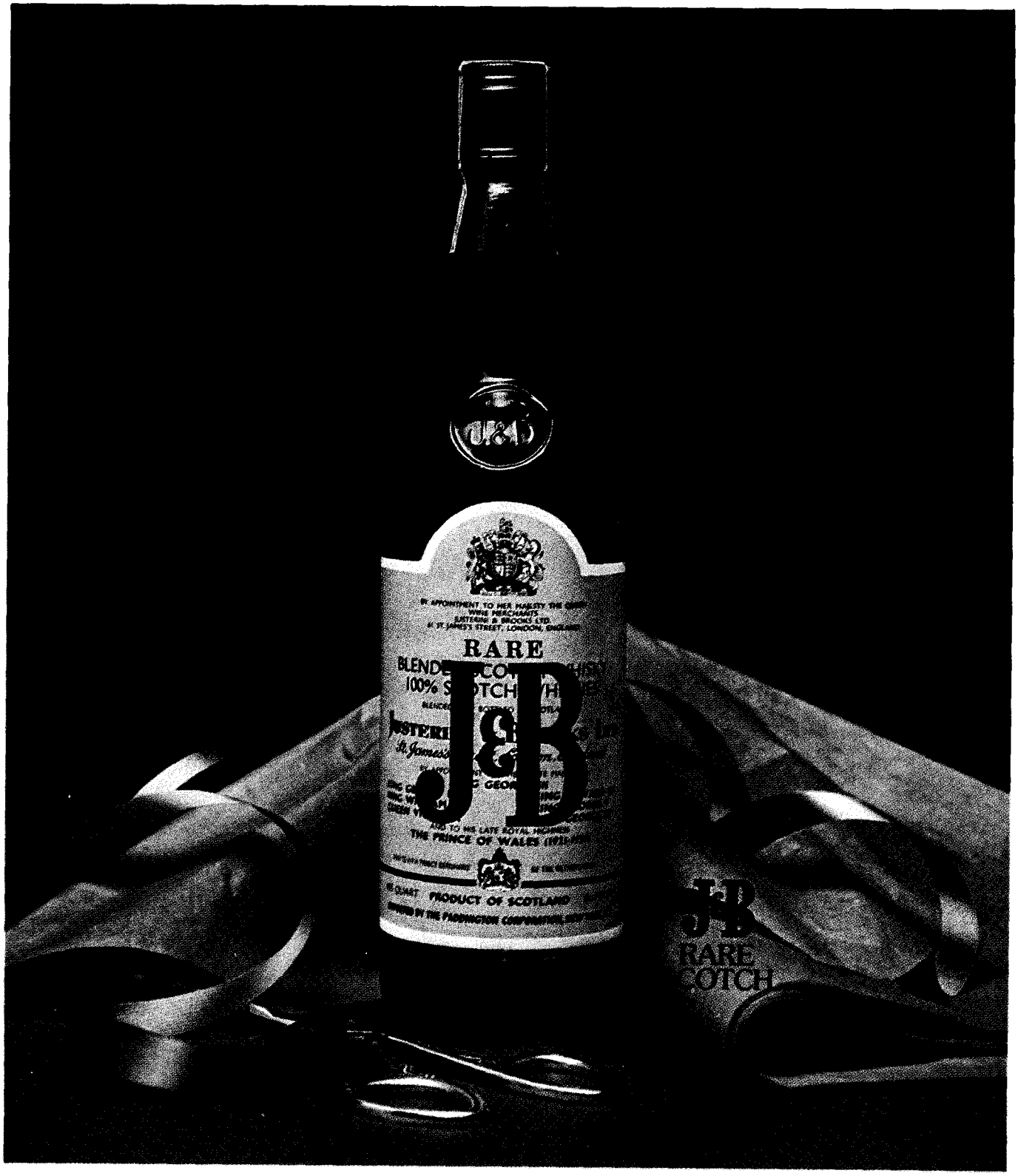
A rare way to celebrate Father's Day: the rare taste of J&B.



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Did your first brand taste rich but rough?

Was your second brand missing flavor altogether?

You're ready for Lark. Not a compromise, an alternative.

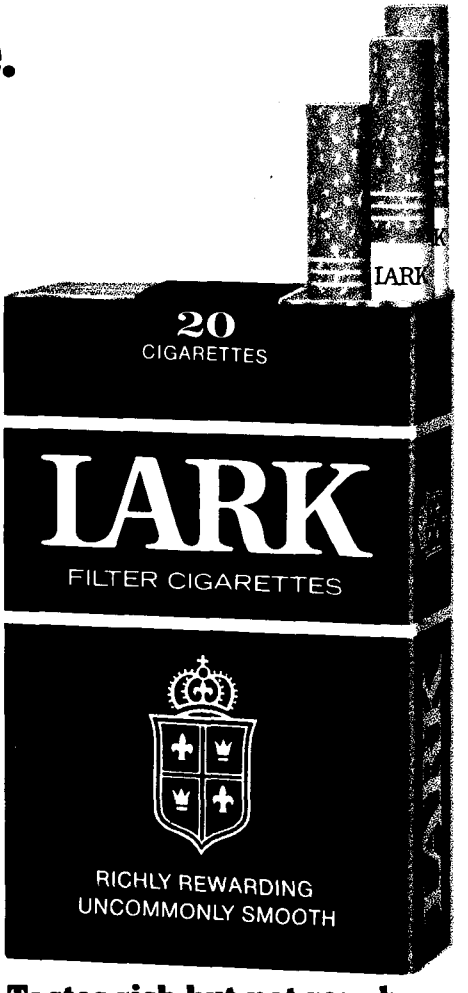
Like your first brand, Lark's got plenty of rich tobacco flavor. Unlike your first brand, we back up our tobacco with a selective filter (probably the most expensive filter in the world).

It selectively reduces many of the things that can make smoke rough-tasting. Result? Pure flavor, the kind you can stay with all day.

Isn't the Third Cigarette the first one that makes sense?

King Size & Extra Long

THE THIRD CIGARETTE



Tastes rich but not rough.
Tastes smooth but not weak.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Extra Long: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Report (Nov. '75).

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